

GRAPHIC



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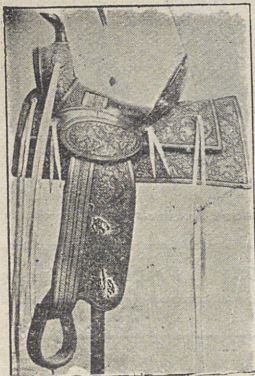
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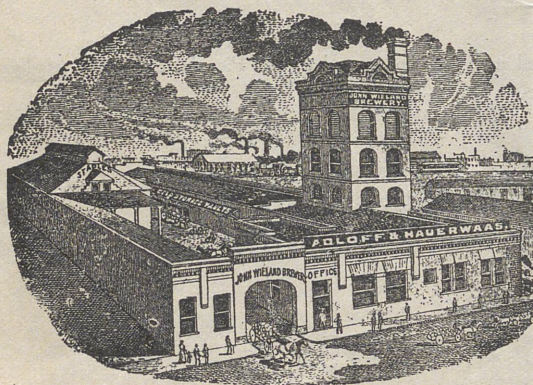
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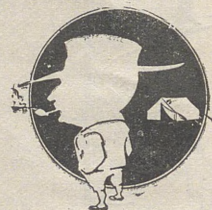
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Matters of Moment

Ho! For Owens River

Opposition to the Owens River scheme has dwindled to almost nothing and in another week will be ashamed to show its head.

An election to vote \$1,500,000 of bonds for the purchase of the land and water rights in Owens River Valley has been called for September 7, and it seems safe to predict that the splendid scheme of the Water Commission will be endorsed by a vote of over ten to one.

When the great undertaking was originally revealed to the public, there were those who perfectly properly refused to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment and desired more exact data than could at once be furnished and also time for digestion of the mammoth undertaking. There were also objections raised by men who had fathered, or had been interested in, other schemes to provide Los Angeles with an adequate water supply. A syndicate had been formed to undertake the project of bringing water from Kern River; others had considered the possibilities of the Mojave River. But beside the Owens River plan, these and all other schemes faded into insignificance, both, because the amount of water that could be brought from any other source could not compare with that available in Owens River, and because none of these projects was disinterested—for the city's good alone.

In the three weeks that have already elapsed since the public was first taken into the confidence of the Water Board, the details of the Owens River scheme have been thoroughly discussed in the public prints, in the City Council, and wherever two or three citizens were gathered together. The vital importance of at once providing for more water or settling down to the gloomy prospect of a limited population or indeed a precariously inadequate supply for present necessities has appealed to every man who has a dollar's interest in Los Angeles.

There was a most notable discussion, or rather explanation, frank and free, of the project before the Municipal League last Tuesday evening, when, in turn, Mr. Mulholland, Mr. Eaton, Mr. Elliott, and City Attorney Mathews were at pains to give their audience the fullest information possible.

The great advantages of the Owens River have been fairly set forth and the feasibility of the scheme ably demonstrated. It is frankly admitted that the measure is heroic, and that the undertaking is gigantic—one that will attract the attention of the engineering world to the enterprise of Los Angeles. But Los Angeles does not quake at heroic

measures or gigantic undertakings. The greater Los Angeles aqueduct will be built and will not be the least of our advertisements. Furthermore the citizens of Los Angeles will live to bless the names of William Mulholland and Fred Eaton. It may be, probably will be, that we shall for a few years find opportunity to growl over increased taxation, but such should be regarded as quite as essential and as profitable investment as life insurance.

As we have said, the opposition to the project has dwindled to insignificance. What remains is distinguished only by its inanity. If Councilman Houghton desires to explore the Owens River Valley for new species of cacti, let him pursue his exploration. If Henry Loewenthal, the equally irrepressible and interminable person who writes drivelling editorials in the Examiner, designed to display his omniscience but destined to demonstrate his ignorance, desires to sit on the banks of the Owens River waiting for an earthquake, let us not say him nay.

Meanwhile, the rest of Los Angeles is bound for Owens River.

Henry M. Watterson compares the aristocracy of England and America as follows: "I observed aristocracy pretty closely while I was over there, and I have reached the conclusion that foreign aristocracy is of a much better grade than the American article. There aristocracy means lineage and brains. Here—well, it means chiefly from bad whisky to Standard oil."

Los Angeles and Mr. Huntington

There is a very distinct tendency on the part of the business men of Los Angeles and the community generally to grant Mr. H. E. Huntington special, indeed, extraordinary indulgences, in the promotion of his street railway and other enterprises. This indulgence, it need hardly be said, proceeds from no disinterested motives: it is the result of a firm and well founded conviction that Los Angeles's continued development, and therefore the prosperity of every citizen therein, is inseparably bound up with the character and success of Mr. Huntington's enterprises. Therefore, the doctrine of nine men out of ten, who have given the matter study, is that no obstacles should be put in Mr. Huntington's path, but that, on the contrary, he should be given every encouragement.

This feeling has become so prevalent that privileges which the City denied Mr. Huntington some three years ago, although he was willing to pay \$150,000 for them, are today granted him, almost without protest and certainly without price. No more marked or complete reversal of public opinion has ever been evidenced in Los Angeles than the popular attitude, or at least what is believed to be the popular attitude, judged both from the daily

press and numerous signed petitions, towards the question of carrying freight on the electric cars through the city's streets.

An attempt has lately been made to test Mr. Huntington's legal rights in enjoying special privileges without a special franchise. What is palpably defined as a nuisance by the laws of the State has been declared no nuisance by the police magistrate before whom the initial test was made. This decision which has caused surprise in all legal circles outside of the Pacific Electric Building was based on the accepted testimony of business men that Mr. Huntington's freight cars instead of being a nuisance were a great and valuable convenience. The **Graphic** has always maintained this same view, that there can be no comparison for public convenience between the electric freight cars and the lumbering wagon, but we have also maintained that invaluable privileges should not be granted by the city to Mr. Huntington for nothing. It is this mistake that older cities are constantly lamenting—that in the flush of their youth and progress they gave to individuals privileges of operating public utilities, which privileges today cannot be regained by the people for many thousand times the cost of the original franchise.

The **Graphic** has no desire to quarrel with Judge Rose's decision, nor even to examine it critically. We cannot, however, believe that the city attorney will rest the people's case with any police justice.

There is another and, in our opinion, far graver question between the City and Mr. Huntington, involving, as it does, the lives of citizens rather than the city's finances. The following most alarming statistics have been prepared from official sources, showing that the safeguards used on Mr. Huntington's cars are not nearly as effective as those used in other cities. A comparative list of deaths caused by street car accidents is as follows:

Cities.	Population.	Killed.	of One in
Albany	100,000	3	33,000
Baltimore	550,000	19	28,947
Boston	621,000	26	23,885
Buffalo	425,000	14	30,357
Cambridge	100,000	1	100,000
Hartford	90,000	1	90,000
Los Angeles	160,000	22	7,272
Newark	274,000	7	39,143
New Haven	125,000	7	17,857
New Orleans	330,000	22	15,000
Philadelphia	1,400,000	55	25,455
Saint Paul	191,000	5	38,200
Toronto, Canada	208,000	9	23,111

European Cities.

Berlin	2,000,000	22	90,909
Glasgow	736,000	14	52,571
Leeds, England	429,000	4	107,250
Liverpool	685,000	6	114,166
Manchester	544,000	10	54,400
Sheffield	381,000	3	127,000

Such a table is indeed alarming and should prove that the cause of those persons who have been agitating this subject is thoroughly worthy. The **Graphic** has maintained, and still maintains, that the primary cause of the majority of street car accidents is due to wilful carelessness of pedestrians. Anyone who is a constant traveler on street cars and keeps his eyes open must be familiar with the unwarranted risks that people perpetually take. But one cannot believe that Los Angeles people are more foolhardy or more precipitate in crossing streets than the inhabitants of other American cities. We inevitably reach the conclusion that people take just as many

and as great risks in Baltimore or St. Paul as in Los Angeles, but that the safe-guarding fenders in those cities are considerably more effective than in Los Angeles.

Mr. Huntington is on record as being willing to equip his cars with a better fender, if he can be shown a better fender than that now in use. Mr. Huntington is a man of his word, and we shall expect him to keep it in this instance. It is not easy to explain these statistics away.

It has been said there is no pecuniary loss to Mr. Huntington's companies on account of these accidents. A report has been started that every car in Mr. Huntington's companies is insured against accident and therefore the direct loss from accidents does not fall upon him and his stockholders. On investigation the **Graphic** discovers that there is absolutely no truth in this report. Every dollar of damages incurred by Mr. Huntington's companies is paid directly by the companies concerned. If for no other reason than that of the drain upon Mr. Huntington's profits caused by such accidents, Mr. Huntington must be more deeply interested in this question than any private citizen or body of citizens. It should, however, not be necessary to advance such sordid argument. Mr. Huntington is here not to kill, but to make alive. No one can be more anxious than he to minimize this most lamentable record.

Civic Patriotism

The man to whose civic pride J. M. Elliott appealed, lest he put a kibosh on the Owens River scheme, was Carroll W. Gates, of the firm of Vail and Gates. In his excellent speech before the Municipal League last Tuesday evening Mr. Elliott dwelt on the fact that the Owens River field had attracted private capitalists, and that six months ago he had learned that a Southern Californian was on the eve of going to Independence to secure options on the property. The President of the First National Bank, who of course was one of the first custodians of the city's secret, got hold of Mr. Gates and told him of the city's plans, appealing to his civic pride and patriotism to abandon his private venture. Mr. Gates listened and yielded, and deserves all the credit due for such self-sacrifice, and the gratitude of the community. In these days, when most men have no scruples in preying upon each other's pockets—to say nothing of the prevailing impression that a municipal corporation is anybody's plunder—the examples set by Fred Eaton and Carroll W. Gates should be given all prominence. But probably Mr. Henry Loewenthal of the Examiner could discover an *arrière pensée* even in Mr. Gates's unselfishness.

Science Baffled

I've been to the Arctic with Peary,
I've sailed o'er the Southern seas,
I've fought off mosquitoes in Jersey
And in Florida battled with fleas.
With Fremont I crossed o'er the Rockies.
At Manila with Dewey I fought.
In conjunction with Schiaparelli
To commune with fair Mars I have sought.
But all theories, thoughts and inventions
Dispel, as a new coming scheme
(Yet in embryo) enters my fancy,
And I hope 'tis no midsummer's dream.
It's to find some wonderful genius,
Somewhere in old Manhattan town,
Who can tell me in this roasting weather
How to keep a man's undershirt down.

—New York Sun.

Why Bonds Must be Voted Speedily

By John M. Elliott

Address delivered before the Municipal League August 15, and revised for the **Graphic**:

The providing of this city with an abundant and pure supply of water is a matter that I have had in mind for many years, and I am proud and happy to see, as I think I do, the end of this road in the Owens River project. The Water Board met this difficulty as well as it could and, and having found it absolutely necessary to act in secret in order to be able to act at all, took the initiative. If the city votes this one million and a half dollars of bonds and we can sell them, as I presume we can, that money can be used to refund to the water fund the money that has been taken out of it to purchase these options, and then can complete the options so that the city will absolutely own this property, which, though not entirely complete in itself, is complete enough to supply from five to ten times the amount of water that we are using at the present time.

After that, and when the plans that Mr. Mulholland has laid out for the bringing of this water here have been examined by some engineer whose name is known from one end of this country to the other as being the best water engineer who can be employed, you can vote the bonds to bring the water here. If you don't vote the money to bring the water here the water can be bought from us by some other people who will do something else with it, because we have bought it at a price that is cheap; and if you don't want it Mr. Eaton has agreed to take it off our hands and pay us back the amount of the option—the amount that we have paid to purchase the options. I think that should answer the question as to whether we were wild in going into a great scheme without consulting anybody. If we had consulted anybody the options could not have been bought for twice the money. And it was only by good fortune that the man who was going up there to bid against us mentioned the thing in my hearing six months ago, and I appealed to his civic patriotism, and he at once gave up the job.

Now, I have been asked, can we tell what this thing is going to cost? We do not know definitely. This city is in a position where it cannot absolutely stop to count the cost at this time. We know that the river that we draw from is being depleted day after day and that if a hot spell comes upon us now it will be a question of whether we can get water enough to last us through. This condition will be accentuated year after year if the law does not step in and absolutely prohibit pumping in the San Fernando Valley. What are we going to do about it? Because we can't tell exactly how many hundreds of thousand dollars this canal is going to cost will we stop and wait until we can find out? I think not.

Why should we hurry this matter up when these options can be paid for as late as the 1st of January? One reason is because we have got over \$100,000 out in these options. We want that money back in order to go on with the present system and to stop the clamor that comes to us week after week from people who are poorly supplied with water because the pipes are not large enough. We want to know that

these bonds are voted immediately and sold, so that by the first of October we will have money to meet a \$50,000 payment on the options which we have not now money to pay for.

We want to know that we have got this thing done in order that we can take the necessary steps in order to provide for the making of the electric plant that it will be necessary to put up there in order to build the upper part of the conduit. We know that at the present time the financial condition of the country is such that there is a great probability of our being able to sell the bonds quickly. The financial condition of this country, though it looks well, is something that no man can insure, and it is well to take time by the forelock and know that you are all right, and that we cannot come to troublous times. Those are some reasons that determined us to ask the council to vote these bonds as quickly as they could. If there was anything to be gained by delay we would be the first to ask for a delay. But there is everything to lose and nothing to be gained.

Now, you may ask why should we depend upon our present force to give us an estimate of what this great conduit will cost, one of the greatest things in the world? Why haven't we got some other people to confer with Mr. Mulholland before we did this?

Simply for one reason, that we couldn't afford to advertise it; and the second reason is because—I lay that to my own door—I have been associated with Mr. Mulholland in this water business for more than thirteen years, and all of the time he has made estimates for tunnels, or conduits, or other work, we invariably found that Mr. Mulholland worked within his estimates. A man that can get along thirteen years and not make a mistake of that kind can be trusted even in as huge an undertaking as this.

With regard to the purity of the water, no better authority can be quoted than John Muir, who in his book "Our National Parks" says: "The water of one of the branches of the north fork of Owens River, near the southeastern boundary of the Park, at an elevation of ninety-five hundred feet above the sea, is the best I ever found. It is not only delightfully cool and bright, but brisk, sparkling, exhilarating, and so positively delicious to the taste that a party of friends I led to it twenty-five years ago still praise it, and refer to it as 'that wonderful champagne water'; though, comparatively, the finest wine is a coarse and vulgar drink. The party camped about a week in a pine grove on the edge of a little round sedgy meadow through which the stream ran bank full, and drank its icy water on frosty mornings, before breakfast, and at night about as eagerly as in the heat of the day; lying down and taking many draughts direct from the brimming flood, lest the touch of a cup might disturb its celestial flavor. On one of my excursions I took pains to trace this stream to its head springs. It is mostly derived from snow that lies in heavy drifts and avalanche heaps on or near the axis of the range. It flows first in flat sheets over coarse sand or shingle derived from a granite ridge and the metamorphic slates of Red Mountain. Then, gathering its many small branches,

it runs through beds of moraine material, and a series of lakelets and meadows and frosty juicy bogs bordered with heathworts and linked together by short bouldery reaches. Below these, growing strong with tribute drawn from many a snowy fountain on either side, the glad stream goes dashing and swirling through clumps of the white-barked pine, and tangled willow and alder thickets enriched by the fragrant herbaceous vegetation usually found about them. And just above the level camp meadow it is chafed and churned and beaten white over and over again in crossing a talus of big earthquake boulders, giving it a very thorough airing. But to what the peculiar indefinable excellence of this water is due I don't know; for other streams in adjacent cañons are aired in about the same way, and draw traces of minerals and plant essences from similar sources. The best mineral water yet discovered in the Park flows from the Tuolumne soda springs, on the north side of the Big Meadow. Mountaineers like it and ascribe every healing virtue to it, but in

no way can any of these waters be compared with the Owens River champagne."

From my own observation and from what I have learned in the Owens River Valley and from what I have learned with the gentlemen who were with me in showing me this country, I believe this project is absolutely feasible, and I think that it will come within the limit of the appropriation asked for rather than outside of it.

I do not agree with those who have said this thing will not cost us anything. It is going to cost a great deal. It will take us at least four years to get that water here, and we will have to ask for bond election after bond election, and we will have to commence to pay those bonds off as soon as we issue them within each year and pay the interest on them, and we will have to ask this community to stand the taxation to do it. But when we get through and we have that, we will be the richest as we will be one of the greatest municipal corporations in the whole United States.

A Philanthropist's Opportunity

By D. W. Fieldwin

When the Municipal League presented its memorial to the Police Commission asking that the block bounded by First, Main, Second and Los Angeles streets be "cleaned up" it opened a much more comprehensive problem than is involved in the revocation of a few saloon licenses, and the assignment of more policemen to the district specified, with instructions to force the crowd to "move on." I went down into the district specified last Saturday evening, for the first time perhaps in three or four years. I realized then, more forcibly perhaps than the Municipal League, that Los Angeles faces the question of providing entertainment for thousands of men, who are not tramps but working men and are entitled to respect as such, just as much as the residents of Adams and Figueroa and Bonnie Brae streets are entitled to respect, so long as they obey the laws.

I realized, too, that Los Angeles is a city in all that the word implies. No village methods of handling the thousands of workers who have no homes outside of a sleeping room will suffice. The care of these men is becoming as much a matter of moment as it is in New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco, or in any other center where workingmen congregate.

The streets in the district named, last Saturday, were crowded. A glance at the faces of the vast majority of the men showed that they were not "bums" as some thoughtless people might believe. Main street was more congested than Spring street and with a class of men who will not go up to Spring street or Broadway in their working clothes, but who believe that Main street is their very own and stay there.

The plain truth is that Los Angeles has no place for these people to seek recreation. They shy at the Young Men's Christian Association and in any event would not take the trouble to walk six or seven blocks to go there. There is a "coffee club" or two which are run for profit, but are wholly inadequate to serve the purpose for which they exist. Truth to tell there is no place where a workingman who has

a six by eight room, can spend his evening hours except in the saloons and the Police Commissioners have made these as uncomfortable as possible by ordering out the chairs and tables. Naturally the man who lives in a room gravitates to the street. Then he is called a "tramp" by well dressed people who are whirled past his domain in electric cars.

Right in the block which the Municipal League thinks ought to be "cleaned up" there is room for the widest possible philanthropy. There should be established somewhere in that block an institute, conducted entirely on non-sectarian lines and free from the goody-goody atmosphere which the workingman as a rule votes intolerable. There should be baths and a plunge; there should be a card room, no matter what sectarian zealots may think; there should be a billiard room and pool room; there should be a bar-room conducted on the plan of the old Army canteen. In other words the workingman should be allowed to drink a glass or two of beer, sitting down at a table, and playing cards if you will. The sale of beer should be under the direction of men who will make nothing by selling it. Then, too, there should be a reading room and if the funds of the institution permit, proper sleeping quarters for those who want a clean place to sleep and rest. Finally a cheap restaurant.

This institution should be conducted in such a manner that it would be self supporting. It should be a place that no self-respecting man would hesitate to enter. It should be free from constraint but not from restraint. In other words, it should be a place in which men would be free within limitations of decency.

Is there a chance for such an institution? Is there a philanthropist among us?

The New Version

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was slightly soiled;
It followed her to Washington
And she got the darned beast
Whitewashed!

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Decadence of Good Manners

By Ben C. Truman

The most sweeping evolution that has taken place during the past half century in the United States is the passing away of the age of good manners and its place being taken by an age of manners that are thoroughly bad. Even the present generation, or that portion of it that has passed its zenith, is not aware of this fact, but has been largely responsible for such condition.

That there are counts in this indictment that admit of explanation may be readily conceded; and that the manners of half a century ago could not be kept up to the standard of those times in these days of "fast" ways must be admitted without a doubt. The word "fast" is used literally, notwithstanding its slang flavor, which permeates strongly the every condition. There have been four agencies, more than all others, that have been responsible for this fast and bad mannered age—the civil war, coeducation, the telephone and motor car, and the elimination of the Sabbath from the sacred calendar.

Great disruption of high-class social conditions followed the one, as is well known. Sherman too truly declared that "war is hell!" and that bloody episode of four years that witnessed a million young men fighting each other saw a mighty manual of good manners, which had been taught in school, in church, and at home, trampled under foot and a reign of much profanity, intemperance and licentiousness in its stead. Common decency, ordinary politeness, and the intuitional respect that one young man had for another, all deteriorated during the prevalence of this hurricane of fire—this monster conflagration—which hurled more than half a million young men into as many rude graves and took from the survivors most of the church beliefs, home affections and good manners with which they entered the hostile field. Following this episode came the general and still growing disrespect for the Sabbath as a holy day, which has injured the morals and manners of millions of young Americans of both sexes; and last, but not least by any means, came the telephone and the trolley car, which have destroyed nearly all the fine American manners that still remained.

But there are many other things that have helped bring about these sad conditions, such as fast trains, fast newspapers, and other lightning processes, not to mention the more nefarious methods of ferocious strikers and boycotters, "tipping," low-flung vaudeville, fancy preachers, women waiters in cheap restaurants, women stenographers, erotic literature, messenger boy service, official grafters, and many other more dangerous and unspeakable things, all of which, combined, have contributed prodigiously toward that decadence of ordinary politeness as well as the manners and other virtues of the old school.

To be sure, every new age is crowded with new life and incident, and everybody and everything is swept forward so rapidly as to seemingly have no time to be polite. The sumptuous Pullman car takes one across the continent in five days, and the old stage coach has been put almost out of use; the electric car whisks you through cities and into nearby towns faster than accommodation railway trains did

a few decades ago; you express your thoughts thousands of miles by telephone, telegraph and cable in the "twinkling of an eye;" all the implements of the field, the mill and the shop are made by machinery and nearly all the industries are carried on in the same way; the food we eat, even to much of our cream, is manufactured by machinery; and between the forward impetus and the press of circumstances it would seem that the people of the present day have no time for the formalities of polite ways.

Fifty years ago, less than two million people read a daily newspaper in our country; now there are forty millions of people who read a daily paper every day. Half a century ago there were only five illustrated newspapers in the United States; now there are seven thousand. In the early 50's there was only one newspaper that printed sixty thousand copies a day; now there are twenty-odd that print quite or over a hundred thousand and hundreds that print sixty thousand or thereabouts. The stately minuet, les lancers, the plain cotillion and the Virginia reel had their places on the program of dances; now the fast and giddy waltz and two-step have absorbed all. Those were the days of politeness, and when the commonest person knew how, and had time to be polite, and prided himself on his good manners at home and in all public places.

That the coeducation of the sexes—even if this system has some advantages other than economy, which I doubt—has had much to do with the decadence of good manners among children, and naturally as an inevitable consequence among adults, must be admitted after a most cursory comparison of the behavior of young people of the twentieth century with that of former generations. "Familiarity," a good old adage tells us, "breeds contempt." Between the boy and girl of today there is little of the mystery and romance of sex that elevated and beautified their association before the system of coeducation and its vulgarizing influences held sway. The boy meets the girl on her way to school, he sits beside her in class, and he plays with her during recess, with as little restraint and as much familiarity as with one of his own sex. They are comrades, class-fellows, in direct competition and antagonism with each other. What wonder then that the boy no longer regards the girl with that peculiar deference that the difference in sex should make imperative? And, when the lad and lass have finished their school studies, they meet each other again on the ordinary stale-level of exact equality. Woman today is after equal rights; she has got them in the schools, she is attaining them rapidly in commercial and political life, but in so doing so has she not descended from the heights upon which the chivalrous man instinctively and gladly exalted her?

There was an era of superior manners in the colonial and later in other states of the American Union, which commenced with the men of Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, and the Puritan squires and governors of New England; which reached its height in the days of the Washingtons, the Madisons, the Carrolls, the Masons and many others in the South; and the Hancocks,

the Otises, the Adamses, the Livingstons and many others in the North. The asceticism of the Puritans had become perceptibly softened and the fanatical outbursts of the Quakers somewhat subdued, while the fine manners of the men of the South were further polished by occasional visits to England and France; and while many of these elegant people were liberal thinkers—and many of them quite pronounced in their intelligent beliefs, like Washington, Jefferson, Paine and many others—the quiet dignity of Sabbath decorum affected the manners of all classes during the other days of the week. The leading women of those days were queenly and courteous in all the ways those terms designate or imply. The novels of Thackeray, Irving, Lippard and Cooke, in particular, tell delightfully of the beautiful manners of the early folk alluded to.

From the close of the Revolution down to 1850, while the nation was growing more solid and becoming much more numerous and homogeneous, a good code of manners was preserved. Not so much stiff formality, nor so much English high-class punctiliousness was maintained, although strictly prescribed tenets were kept in force. The stately minuet, lace sleeves, shoe buckles, knee breeches and powdered hair were rapidly disappearing or had disappeared.

Politeness was very generally inculcated in churches and schools, and respect to superiors was strictly enjoined; good manners in the street, at the table, and among strangers, were always in force, and those in position received from those in inferior station proper attention and respect. The rod was also a factor in the preservation of juvenile behavior; and, if necessary, this agency was sometimes employed to accelerate obedience and to impress refractory children that parental superiority must be borne in mind at all times. To that, in the 40's and 50's, in all the older cities of the United States, there were codes of excellent manners maintained almost similarly by rich and poor.

It may be truly said that at the time of the breaking out of the civil war the higher classes of society of such cities as Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, New York, Hartford, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Augusta, Savannah, Mobile, Montgomery, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Jackson, Vicksburg, Nashville, Baton Rouge and New Orleans, and of many other places too numerous to mention, cultivated as good manners and as proper social methods as the same classes of people of any of the cities in the world. The extreme courtliness of Queen Elizabeth's time had passed away never to return; and so had the gold snuff-box and perfumed embroidery days of the Beau of Bath; and so also had the powdered hair and silver shoe buckles, and the rigid formalities of the epochs of Washington, Madison and Monroe. But there was always the observance of a code of which we may look back with respect.

In 1861 came our civil war; and for four years, and during several of the succeeding years of reconstruction, the tenets of good society were substantially unobserved and rude and uncultivated ways usurped the place of manners that had been pleasant and good. And so passed away an era of perfect American politeness and high social intercourse and mutual amenities never to be revived on the same excellent and praiseworthy lines.

We now come to the present age of execrable ways and manners, in which politeness on the part of adults is seldom practiced and on the part of children is a lost art. This is fully admitted by ministers of the gospel, teachers of schools, and editors of newspapers; who are also unanimous and unmistakable in pronouncing high class American society as represented at Newport and other aristocratic resorts, as ridiculously vicious, wicked, demoralizing, low-lived and rotten to the core. The degeneracy from the days of the frequenters of Cape May, Rye Beach, White Sulphur Springs, Newport and Long Branch, in the 40's and 50's, down to those of the present day at Saratoga, Newport, Tuxedo and elsewhere, is appalling and abominable in comparison.

The glitter of great wealth, almost all of which has come from dishonest or dishonorable means, has taken the place of unostentatious customs that were not all conformable to gold. Immoderate men and women now debauch themselves where people of solid virtues formerly lived respectable lives. Superficial polish is now supplied in place of the refinement of our forefathers, and the present era is one of dissolute and low-down manners as against the decorous and exemplary ways of the habitues of fifty years ago.

Imagine, if you can, Mrs. Waskington, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Hayes, and a million other ladies that could be named, sitting at dinner, as did Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and other immoderate feminine champagne drinkers, with an orang-outang in an evening dress, along with its comrade Harry Lehr, and other monkeys. Imagine, if you can, how much of the old-style etiquette and dignified manners of our ancestors, and especially where there are ladies, you would discover in such low-lived things as the Newport plutocrats of the twentieth century. And how much refinement could be expected from two sisters who in bare legs played among the pigs and chickens at "Murphy's" while their mother hung out washing not many decades ago? The leaders of fashionable society at Newport are many of them divorced men and women, who drink and gamble to excess, and who break nearly all the ten commandments, and defy all the mandates of good manners and proper breeding. There may be no hell such as many ministers preach, but if there be, then these disreputable creatures are fast impaling themselves on Satan's trident spear.

We think, in conclusion, although there are not many who have made themselves so thoroughly conversant with this matter as has the writer, that there has been a decadence of good manners even during the past ten years, particularly among young men and women and children. It may be said, truthfully, that we have less time for formalities than our ancestors; that the scramble for the street car and the mid-day meal prevents us from being courteous or even polite—that the doctrine of evolution has wrought a terrible disenchantment that cannot be repelled.

This may be all too true. Still, we need not entirely lose that sentiment of regard which forms the basis of all respectful attention to others.

The rapid stream of life should now and then be checked in its headlong current, for decent social observance and kindly feeling may bring about some of those amenities that have been sidetracked and lost sight of, or that have seemingly passed away.

By The Way

A New Deal.

When Mayor McAleer sends his nominations for the new Board of Public Works to the City Council, the names in all probability will be

**Fred Eaton,
E. T. Perkins,
John R. Mathews.**

There will be no Winters "of our discontent." The change of heart that the Mayor has experienced is due to the important discovery made by some one, that with the newly constituted Board of Public Works the most important functions of the present Water Commission will devolve upon the new Board. Which means that the Board of Public Works will have much—indeed, most—to do with the Owens River project. Now, about the only men who still have any influence with Owen McAleer are the members of the Water Commission, and when they realized the gravity of the situation they were not slow to reveal it to the Mayor. To McAleer's credit, I am glad to say, he thoroughly sees the enormous consequences of the Owens River project and, under such circumstances, has relented from his determination to put his friend, C. O. Winters, on the board. Now, I understand, the Mayor has practically left the selection of the third commissioner to the Water Board, and its members, in turn, are doing their utmost to persuade Fred Eaton to serve. Mr. Eaton does not relish the prospect. He certainly is not in need of the position and thinks he is entitled to enjoy the retirement he has justly earned. If Mr. Eaton consents to undertake such a position, it will only be because of that civic patriotism which he has already evidenced in a splendid way.

Democrats Scrapping.

Thus the impasse that the politicians predicted concerning the new Board of Public Works between the Mayor and the City Council is likely to be bridged, and, according to my information, the Mayor's new nominations will promptly be confirmed by the Council and also prove acceptable to the commercial bodies, the Municipal League, and the public generally. I am glad to know that the one man of the previous nominees, who I have always maintained is eminently qualified—E. T. Perkins, a civil engineer of the highest repute—will be on the board, and that C. O. Winters, who had no qualifications whatever, will not be on the board. I understand that the Mayor will compromise by Mr. Winters being appointed secretary to the board, a position to which his clerical experience and the Mayor's high estimate of his qualities may entitle him. The Democracy has objected so strongly to Gen. Mathews's appointment, for the insufficient reasons I have already set forth in these columns, that his appointment may be contested. I understand that the Democrats want ex-Senator R. F. del Valle or Joseph Mesmer. The former is favored by the Tammany Club and Gen. Otis. Senator del Valle is a man of wide experience in public affairs, with an excellent public record in the Legislature, and a man of unquestioned integrity, who takes orders from nobody. Ex-Councilman Farish is also a candidate for the Democratic slice of the pie. The third member of the board will

be neither C. O. Winters or A. P. Fleming, the latter of whom had his strongest backing from the Chamber of Commerce and the Municipal League. The Mayor has convinced himself from semi-anonymous letters from Des Moines that Mr. Fleming is not a fit and proper person to fill the bill. The **Graphic** has a high opinion of Mr. Fleming, of his integrity, his energy and his ability, but I'm afraid the **Graphic's** opinion will not convert the Mayor from the intensely antagonistic position he has assumed to Mr. Fleming, who, if he chose, could produce all the Des Moines evidence in his favor needed. The third member of the board will almost certainly be Fred Eaton if he can be induced to serve.

Smith's Ambition.

Councilman George A. Smith, the representative of the Fifth Ward, is already laying his pipes for the Republican nomination for the mayoralty. Owen McAleer is regarded as a "dead 'un," and the Fifth ward Councilman believes he could fill his shoes with the adroitness and dispatch which have distinguished his leadership in the Council. That Mr. Smith is almost the Czar of the present Council there can be little doubt. He never misses an opportunity to lead and usually plays trumps. He is the only man who seems able to face and occasionally squelch the irrepressible Houghton. The only question that has yet to be decided and probably will be thoroughly demonstrated before the present Council expires is whether Mr. Smith's allegiance to the public utility corporations is greater than his allegiance to those who alone should be his masters—the public.

Herman Silver's Reappointment.

Score one for Governor Pardee, which is the more pleasant, in that I have found little in the "good doctor's" administration to commend. The reappointment of Mr. Herman Silver to the Bank Commission deserves, however, at least one good mark for the Governor. Mr. Silver has already served two years with a fidelity to his duty and an expert knowledge of his work that are as rare as they are gratifying in political appointment. Personally he did not seek renomination, not even to the extent of asking his friends to use their influence with the Governor. Furthermore, there was some interested opposition to Mr. Silver's reappointment, which Gov.

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Pardee, to his credit, ignored. Every reputable banker throughout the State is pleased with Mr. Silver's reappointment, because he knows his business and may be depended to do his duty conscientiously and well. No man stands higher in the respect and, indeed, the affection of his fellow citizens than Herman Silver. He served for four years in the City Council, and was one of the very few Councilmen who succeeded in establishing an entirely creditable record. In the very important position of chairman of the first board of water commissioners Mr. Silver again served the city faithfully and efficiently. I congratulate Gov. Pardee on this appointment, I congratulate Mr. Silver and I congratulate the State of California.

A golf tournament will be held at the Hotel del Monte from September 4th to 9th, inclusive. The trophies will include the Del Monte cup for men and the Del Monte cup for women.

Chief Hammel's Resignation.

I am glad to have received the following letter and to be able to give what I believe will be found an entirely satisfactory answer:

To the Editor of the Graphic:

Have you given the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth concerning Chief Hammel's resignation? It seems to me that you have been unjustly severe in your attack upon Mayor McAleer for "doing politics" in the police department. Your editorial on "Chief Hammel's Resignation" deals in glittering generalities, "roasting" the Mayor for so interfering with the Chief of Police as to make his position untenable, but for myself I am from Missouri. It is obvious to me why Hammel resigned. The Sheriff's office is five or six times as "fat" a job as the Chief's. Hammel wants to land the Sheriff's office once more and with the hope of getting it can well afford to chuck his present job. The Graphic pretends to be fair to everybody. I do not see why you have "got it in" for McAleer. You supported him vigorously enough before his election. What has he done to you? Play fair, and quit pretending.

Los Angeles, August 15.

H. R. J.

The True Cause.

"H. R. J.'s" communication is "frank and free," and therefore refreshing. The Graphic has no disposition to criticize Mayor McAleer, Gen. Otis or anyone else, without warrant. Mayor McAleer has done nothing to the Graphic. We have no personal feud with him of any kind or sort. On the contrary we admired the sterling qualities of independent manhood and straightforward honesty that he exhibited in the City Council. We realized that "a man" was needed in the mayor's chair; we believed that Owen McAleer was considerably more of "a man" than a politician and we supported him accordingly. But, unfortunately, since he became mayor, the politician has ousted the man, and McAleer has proved, to us, at all events, a grievous disappointment.



DIAMONDS

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AND FINE JEWELRY

TELEPHONES { James 1971
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UNDER
HOLLENBECK HOTEL

To return to "H. R. J.'s" arraignment, I am satisfied that Chief Hammel's resignation was prompted by exactly those reasons that the **Graphic** gave; that unless he could be Chief of Police in fact as well as in name he preferred to vacate the title and the brass buttons. If Hammel had been given a fair field, I have good reason to believe that he would have continued indefinitely, for the city's good, as chief of police and would have abandoned his shrievalty ambitions. There was a concerted effort on foot to secure the Legislature's sanction to a charter amendment raising the salary of the Chief of Police to an amount adequate to the work and the responsibility. If Los Angeles is to have a man of straw as the nominal head of the police department, \$250 a month is quite sufficient salary for such a decorative official. To have retained a man of Hammel's experience, honesty and ability, as actual as well as nominal Chief of Police, would certainly have been worth five or six thousand dollars a year to the taxpayers of Los Angeles. Mayor McAleer, however, did not want a man of Hammel's independence in a position which he, the mayor, needs to traverse to political purposes.

Specific Instances.

Chief Hammel has made no complaint. He could have provided the evidence needed to prove the undue interference, which was undermining his responsibility and the discipline and efficiency of the police force. But he has kept silent. "H. R. J." however, in common with other citizens, wants the evidence and the **Graphic** will supply it.

Since Mayor McAleer's arrival in office he has practically changed the entire personnel of the police station's force, without any consultation with the Chief, without any consideration for the efficiency of the department, but with the signal purpose of "doing politics" for himself.

Patrol Drivers—All three drivers of the patrol wagon have been dismissed since Owen McAleer became mayor and new men, proteges of the Mayor, put in their places. Johnson, the chief patrol driver, and thoroughly efficient, was derated, solely because he was understood to have been a supporter of Snyder. McAleer men were substituted in these positions, which are paid \$15 more a month than the ordinary patrolman.

Jailers—The three jailers, including the head jailer, John Shand, a man who was thoroughly familiar with the duties and filled the position to the Chief's entire satisfaction, were dismissed. The Mayor wanted Shand's position for a man named McCauley, formerly a special watchman for the Southern Pacific.

All these changes were made against the direct wishes of Chief Hammel and not for the good of the service.

Orders—Mayor McAleer frequently gave orders to the captain of police over the Chief's head, instructing Capt. Auble as to what places should be

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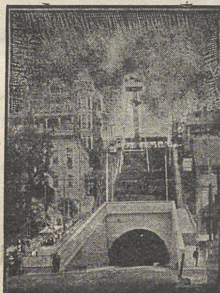
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"pulled" and what places should be left alone. e. g. Why are certain "cribs" allowed to exist on New High street opposite Marchessault?

Sufficient Evidence.

I imagine these instances, and they might be multiplied, are sufficient to demonstrate to "H. R. J." and any other admirers of Owen McAleer that the **Graphic** did not accuse the Mayor of "doing politics" in the police department without just cause and foundation and that the true reasons for Chief Hammel's resignation were exactly as the **Graphic** maintained.

Hammel's Successor.

I hope the report is true that the Police Commission intends after Chief Hammel's retirement to give Capt. Auble a thirty days' trial at the head of the department. Auble is the terror of lawbreakers and may always be depended upon to do his duty if he is not interfered with. I particularly welcome the idea of giving Capt. Auble a trial, in that the promise of such promotion is an encouragement to every member of the police force and distinctly a step in the right direction, that the chief of police should be a trained policeman. To thrust in an outsider, selected mainly for political purposes, is a menace to the discipline and efficiency of the force. Of course, if the Mayor is to be allowed to convert the Police Department into a political machine, it is comparatively of little consequence what kind of a man wears the chief's star. Under such conditions he should of course be handsome and imposing in his uniform—a decorative feature of parades, ornamental, since he cannot be useful. If Capt. Auble is allowed to be chief of police—even for thirty days—in fact as well as in name, I have confidence he can prove himself a good official. What Auble may lack in brain-power he will make up in energy and fidelity.

Fair Play and Politics

As was anticipated by the **Graphic** some weeks ago, Special Officer C. L. Foster's police alarm system, which has been thoroughly tested and proved entirely satisfactory, is to be turned down for political "reasons." It will be recalled that the former Council and Police Commission endorsed the Foster System. But Foster was a supporter of Snyder and the merits of his system are no longer to be considered. Months ago Foster was warned that he had not "pull" enough to "buck" the Gamewell and the Sunset Telephone Companies. City Electrician Manahan would not recommend the Foster system unless he could obtain control of it. For the past five years the Gamewell system, which was installed at a cost of \$10,000 under Manahan's direction, has proved unsatisfactory and by no means comparable to the Foster system. Now the Council is asked to provide \$20,000 for the Manahan system, which it is claimed is a hotch-potch of the old Gamewell system and some of Foster's ideas "borrowed" by Manahan. Fair play, efficiency, and politics are not bedfellows.

"There are too many grafters in the world," said the patriotic citizen. "Unquestionably," answered Senator Sorghum; "pretty soon there won't be enough graft to go 'round.'"—Washington Star.

The Lion's Apology.

I have been reading Mr. Lummis's apology in the current issue of "Out West." Mr. Lummis says: "In undertaking this new public duty, the Lion has no apologies to make—nor disposition to hasten the apologies which already come from the other side." Nevertheless the Lion does apologize, if his much vaunted scholarship lends him sufficient knowledge of the meaning of the word "apology"—and to the extent of over three pages of "In the Lion's Den." I do not know anything about "the apologies which already come from the other side," for this is the first I have heard of any. Mr. Lummis's main contention in his apology is that a man and not a woman should be in charge of the Public Library. But Mr. Lummis himself has for years insisted that he is not a man but a Lion. We are inclined to agree with him at last, especially since absorbing President Roosevelt's recent discovery that the American Lion (the Puma), the species which Mr. Lummis has personified, is a coward. The most definite apology, however, that Mr. Lummis has made has been physical; he has yielded to convention sufficiently to permit his barbaric appearance to be ameliorated by submitting to the hands and shears of the barber. In other words, he has had a hair cut. Other cessions to convention may be expected. At the very first meeting of the directors, with Lummis librarian, one of the important orders promulgated, and duly reported by the daily press, was that the directors' room should be provided with a set of spittoons.

The Lion's Scholarship.

I have no desire to twist the Lion's tail. At the outset of this unfortunate Library dishevelment I was anxious to exclude Mr. Lummis's personality from the discussion. The question was not what Mr. Lummis could or could not do, but what Miss Jones had done or had left undone. But Mr. Lummis has himself insisted that his personality should be a grave factor in the question. His abnormal egoism could not have contrived otherwise. "The Los Angeles library," he allows, "has a magnificent reputation for clerical efficiency. For scholarship it has none." And inferentially, but with quite unmistakable distinctness, Mr. Lummis informs us that he is a scholar and is going to supply the scholarship of which the Los Angeles Library has none. The true scholar, according to Emerson, is the person who can receive the severest criticism of his own views with charity and entertain them hospitably. No man is a scholar who cannot do that. If I were to say that, in my humble estimation but based on Emerson's definition, Charles F. Lummis is the most provincial person as to books and learning, it might excite some surprise. Nevertheless Mr. Lummis's lack of scholarship should be a conceded fact not only in the light of his colossal conceit but by reason of the cowardly insinuations he has made since he became Librarian. With all gravity he told a reporter the other day as an evidence of how much he was needed and as a reflection upon his predecessor's lack of scholarship that he had found a volume wrongly labeled, with the name of the principal character of the book given as the author. What a Pumaesque discovery! That the Lion, let loose among 120,000 books, should have stumbled upon one mistake. Ah! my dear lion, that was an unfortunate stumble, because, while it displays most palpably your own narrow vision—otherwise lack of

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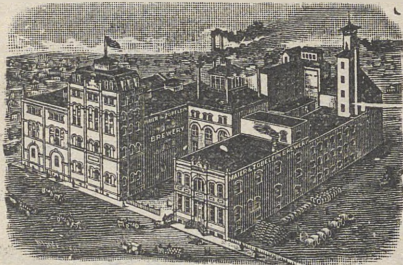
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scholarship—it is no reflection on your predecessor—to Those who Know.

Lack of Logic.

And what the Lion lacks in scholarship he certainly does not atone for by logic. In his apology he kindly admits that women have reached distinction in library work, and condescends to prophesy that some day they may reach the highest distinction. And yet Mr. Lummis himself is willing to be used as the chief impediment in their progress. While he devotes most of his argument to pretend that a man and not a woman is needed at the head of a big library, yet he insists there is "no sex in the question." The basis of his argument is, indeed, the old contention, threadbare in the abstract and demolished in the concrete, which for so long made its unmanly and often rude protest against the advent of women into medicine, law and even into teaching. A valued correspondent calls attention to the fact that while Mrs. Ripley of Concord, Mass., could prepare students in the Humanities for Harvard she could not enter the college, because of her sex. And I recall one of many instances at the English Universities, notably that of Miss Agnita Ramsey, now the wife of the Master of Trinity, Cambridge, who although she was bracketed Senior Classic, yet could not be permitted the satisfaction of writing Bachelor of Arts after her name. That was twenty years ago, and although many women have continued to surpass men in learning, they are still prevented from attaining the distinction, which they have fairly won. "No sex in the question?" There is really no question, other than man's narrow jealousy and stupid arrogance.

The Lion's Achievements.

The Lion reviews his achievements in Los Angeles during the last twenty years—in a characteristically modest way. "In the same spirit," he says, "he has undertaken now a larger usefulness—even at the risk of a nominal recompense (a monthly salary of the amount he gets for one story.)" How very noble of the Lion! What philanthropy, what patriotism! His books fetch \$250 apiece, according to this, his own, modest computation, but he certainly does not turn out "one story" each month, for the amount of his monthly salary—\$250. Most of us like the Lion's stories. Even his unparalleled egoism "In the Lion's Den" is entertaining, and as an observer, when his ego is temporarily in the shade, he has frequently seen things clearly and shed a white light. But the public could much better afford to pay the Lion \$250 for one story than to pay him \$250 a month in a position for which he has absolutely no qualifications either of training or of scholarship. "He isn't a 'trained librarian'—and is glad." Verbum sap.

Inevitable Investigation.

In the meantime, despite the fact that the Times, whose favor no doubt the Lion has cemented by prating about "The Open Shop," has read Miss Jones's official obituary and declared that the tempest in the teapot has subsided, the question is back to the Council, and the Council will investigate. The Councilmen have now seen the error of their ways—that they could not shirk a burden, however tiresome and compromising, which was theirs and none other's. But the wary Councilmen are still "playing

for wind" and propose to investigate "within thirty days." Procrastination, however, is idle. The men and women of Los Angeles, who care for justice and for the fair repute of our public institutions, will not rest until it is known "whether the action of the board was taken for 'good cause,' as provided in the charter, or merely for 'the accomplishment of personal ends.'"

Needs a Pull.

Henry R. Angelo needs a pull—or else the one that he has is sadly in want of repairs. I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Angelo. He has been here for a year or so, coming from Jersey City, or somewhere in that vicinity, and in his home place, I am told, he has a splendid reputation as an engineer and builder. After arriving in Los Angeles he worked on comparatively small contracts until he secured the contract for the new building at Third and Main streets which is going up for the R. J. Waters banking and other interests. Then Mr. Angelo's troubles began in earnest. Although he has made no more obstructions to the street than many another contractor has done in times past and is now making, Mr. Angelo has been arrested for "obstructing the street." I am sorry that I cannot properly direct Mr. Angelo as to whom he should interview; but it does not appear right to an outsider that one contractor should be annoyed for doing precisely what others do with impunity. One thing you may depend upon—that whenever you see one contractor annoyed in this fashion, it is always pertinent to ask **why**.

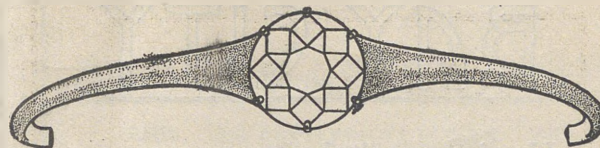
"Dear John," wrote Mrs. Newlywed from the shore, "I inclose the hotel bill." "Dear Jane, I inclose check," wrote John, "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price—they are robbing you."—Smart Set.

Good Music at the Bristol.

The music that one hears at restaurants is usually inferior; it does not need to be anything else. Nine out of ten patrons do not listen to the music, or care for either its character or its performance, unless it happens to be a "tune" or ragtime with which they are familiar. Some people also like to eat to the time of the music and others find it helpful to the digestion. The music that one hears at the theaters during the entractes is little better. It is the more satisfactory therefore to record that there is at least one restaurant orchestra in Los Angeles that is thoroughly worth listening to; even without the accompaniment of beer and victuals. I supped at the Bristol the other night and lingered long listening to the really excellent music discoursed by the Berth-Cann orchestra. There are musicians in that orchestra, and, if you ask for it, they will give you music. I asked my old friend, George Cann, first for the "Pagliacci" intermezzo and then for that delicious Berceuse from Godard's "Jocelyn." Both were played delightfully, and I enjoyed them even more than Manager Schneider's excellent viands.

St. Paul at Venice.

In the absence of Frederick Stevenson, who is still lingering lovingly over the sweets of Miramar, his colleagues of the **Graphic** speak with bated breath of things musical, but as I considered it of essential importance that justice should be done Mr. Sidney Lloyd Wrightson and his "St. Paul" production, I deputed a friend in whose sanity and good judg-



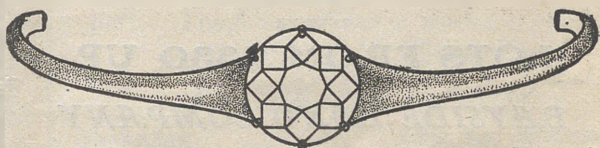
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ment I have full confidence to give me his impressions of the performance. "Surprisingly good" is his general verdict, which he amplifies by the following remarks, annotations and qualifications:

"When Mendelssohn put the finishing touches to his oratorio, 'Saint Paul,' he doubtless had no idea that it would ever be sung in an auditorium erected over the bounding billows, nor could he have imagined the sometimes weird effect that the sullen sub-bass of the Pacific Ocean would lend to his majestic composition as it was heard at Venice-by-the-Sea on Monday night, when Mr. Wrightson with his amiable principals and well deserving chorus gave a surprisingly good rendition of the work.

"No better test could be made of the qualities of a director than that made of Mr. Wrightson who in less than six weeks trained a hastily gathered chorus of three hundred voices to a performance that was acknowledged by the big audience to be excellent of its kind. Mr. Wrightson has a masterful way, a dramatic temperament and a magnetism that compels his followers to give out the best that is in them. The vitality of manhood at its prime is evident in all that he does and his baton swings with irresistible power. Even the cognoscenti, who were present in force for the purpose of seeing what the new man could do, acknowledged generously that he had made a successful effort.

"Of the soloists Mrs. Bishop was in excellent voice and did herself justice in the leading soprano parts. Miss Heartt, the contralto, fairly divided the honors. Of Messrs. Leeman and England it is not possible to speak in such terms of praise, as their powers were hardly adequate to the demands of the occasion.

"At the close of the oratorio, Mr. Mills, on the part of the singers, presented Mr. Wrightson with a gold watch as a small recognition of the director's untiring efforts and great enthusiasm in their behalf."

Consolidating the Societies.

I understand that preliminary steps are about to be taken looking to the consolidation of the Apollo Club and the Choral Society. The future of these societies has been thoroughly threshed out, and it seems to be the unanimous opinion of those who take an interest in affairs of this sort that two societies cannot live and do the best work. It is possible, of course, that they would both drag along, but that would not bring about the best results, and it is for the best results that the music loving public is looking—not the exaltation of this and that indi-

ROBERT R. McKINNEY, Managing Editor
PRESTON McKINNEY, Jr., Associate Editor

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FINANCIER

LOS ANGELES

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE BANKER, THE INVESTOR AND THE MINER

Published Every Wednesday Morning by the
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BROADWAY AT SECOND STREET

vidual. The first step is to be the appointment of a consolidation committee from each club. It ought not to be the most difficult matter in the world for this committee to agree upon terms. The issue on which the split will come, if there is to be a split, will be the selection of a director.

As to the Director.

Well, the man is here and will serve, if the selection is to rest on other considerations than the personal regard which the members hold a particular man. Mr. Jahn, I understand, is ready to lay down his baton and give way to a new man, if Mr. Barnhart goes and does likewise. Mr. Barnhart says he is willing to retire if a more competent man can be found. The final settlement seems to devolve upon Mr. Barnhart, and he neglects to say who is to be the judge whether a more competent man has arisen. There is in the Apollo Club a very strong sentiment supporting Mr. Barnhart through thick and thin. But let it be remembered, the Apollo Club is not the only Los Angeles singing organization which is actuated by similar principles. I know of one club which says in effect: "Yes, we might be willing to try another man, but we are going to have the man we now have, regardless." As long as any club like the Apollo, is actuated by such thoughts, what is the use of trying to get another leader? I must say that I see no chance for really good choral work this winter unless the membership of the Apollo and the Choral is thoroughly weeded out and the revised members drop their sentiments founded in personal regard and take a man for the musical ability and worth there is in him.

Are Union Men.

Al Levy, L. J. Christopher and J. M. Wilkins have joined the Bricklayers' Union. They are each to receive a finely engrossed membership card—honorary of course—in view of the fact that they participated in laying the first brick on the new building for Levy's restaurant early this week. The ceremonies on that occasion were impromptu, but nevertheless drew a crowd of at least two hundred people, all friends of Christopher and Levy. With the usual grace of inexperience Mr. Christopher laid the first brick; then Levy, who was recognized in spite of his disguise, laid the second. Mine Host Wilkins of the Cliff House of San Francisco was third and W. A. Duncombe, the contractor, laid the fourth brick. All present entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion and the bricklayers with an appreciative eye thought Levy and "Chris" good enough masters of the trowel to be entitled to honorary membership. Levy, by the way, is very sanguine that he will be doing business at the old stand by Christmas time.

A San Francisco Humorist.

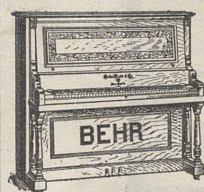
Ethel Watts Mumford's new humorous book is to be a novel "Joke Book Note Book," to be published by the Paul Elder Company of San Francisco. Since the first appearance of the famous Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom, Mrs. Mumford has prepared an annual volume of her clever nonsense work. The Limerick Up to Date Book, of last year, was a distinct success and the publishers announce that they have just filled an order for an edition of the book for the Australian market. The order includes as well editions of Bachelor Bigotries and Widows Grave and Otherwise. The Cynic's Calendar, which

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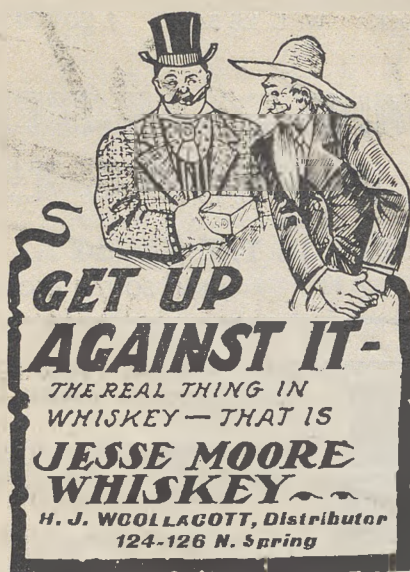
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apart from its own merits has been distinguished by the flood of imitations that have appeared, is again on the press for 1906 under the title of the "Complete Cynic's Calendar." It is to include all of the material, text and illustrations, of both the first and second series. The advance sale has added another 20,000 copies to the credit of this successful non-sense volume.

Alphonso's Wire.

Tastes differ in the christening of race horses. Lord Rosebery calls his Derby winner Cicero. A well-known French sportsman calls his horse Mal au Ventre, which does not sound nice in English. It seems to have tickled the fancy of King Alfonso, who is reported to have said to the owner at the Auteuil races: "I am told your horse is sure to win, and I am advised by a sporting editor to back it, and to telegraph to my mother, 'I have got Mal au Ventre and find it jolly.'" Then the King turned to Mr. Loubet and said: "If this horse wins I shall certainly send that telegram to my mother." Mal au Ventre did not win, and so Queen Christina was spared a new spasm of maternal anxiety. But the anecdote goes far to explain King Alfonso's popularity in Paris, where his humor and high spirits delighted everybody.

Roosevelt's Four Dollar Suit.

The London World, in its "Celebrities at Home," publishes an interview with Robert J. Wynne, the American Consul General, in which he says:

"In America we dress according to the weather. The last time I saw President Roosevelt I wore a suit of Hollands. It was at the White House in Washington, and, of course, the suit was little free and easy for an official visit. So I apologized.

" 'Mr. President,' said I, 'I make my excuses for appearing before such a great person as yourself, and on such an important occasion, in an outfit that cost \$6.'

"The President stared at me, and then seized my arm.

" 'How much did you say?' he asked.

" 'Six dollars, Mr. President.'

"He burst out laughing.

" 'Well, I have beaten you,' he cried. 'I am nearer to the people than you are. This suit of mine cost me only four dollars.'"

The Chaperon Speaks

Very limp and damp my gown and the sun is beating down
And my hat's askew above my blistered face,
But at least it's consolation and a bit of compensation
To know my lambs are gathered in one place,
For Dolly, Amaryllis, and the most imprudent Phyllis
Are seldom found together in one spot,
And the only relaxation in a chaperon's vacation
Is to get them all together on a yacht.

Hence I sit here glad, though paling, for I never cared for sailing

And I always had a horror of the sea,
But at least the satisfaction of a little forced inaction
Is a thing to be accepted thankfully.

And Dolly, Amaryllis, and the most imprudent Phyllis
For once they bear my glance and murmur not,
And content is o'er me stealing (though I'm sure my nose is peeling)

For I know they can't escape me on a yacht.

—Theodosia Garrison in Life.

Autos and Autoists

Edited by A. P. FLEMING
Sec. of the Auto Club of So. Cal.

WHEN THE MOTOR BALKS.

When an internal combustion motor has its normal compression and is supplied with the right mixture and a good spark at the right time, it must run. If it fails to run, it is because one of these three things is wrong. The compression is easily tested by turning the shaft by means of the starting crank. If the compression is weak, or if it escapes rapidly, the cause may be investigated. This is not one of the frequent troubles, however, and consequently the other two items will be taken up first.

Motor Refuses to Start.

First of all, if your motor refuses to start, look around and see what you have forgotten to do before you pull anything to pieces. It may be that you have forgotten to turn on the gasoline, or to close the switch, or there may be no gasoline in the tank. If these points have been attended to, and you have correctly followed the instructions for starting the motor, it is in order to investigate the ignition, and after that the mixture.

Failure to ignite may be due to the following causes: (a) defective spark plug; (b) weak battery; (c) vibrator or coil not working; (d) make and break device or timer not working; (e) faulty insulation or broken wire; (f) insulation of secondary winding of spark coil broken down, probably by using too strong a battery, or by running the coil with an excessive spark gap. Not that all of these are likely to happen, but it will be well to cover all of them at this time. The order in which to look for them will be indicated subsequently.

Defective Spark Plug.

(a) The plug may have a deposit of hard carbon on the inner end of the porcelain, or the porcelain may be coated with tarry soot. The former is due to too rich a mixture, and the latter to too much lubricating oil. In either case the deposit should be cleaned off carefully, using gasoline and a toothbrush, sandpaper, or, as a last resort, fine emery cloth. A mica plug may be cleaned with emery cloth, which puts a new surface on the mica. A plug apparently in good condition may still be short-circuited from the porcelain being cracked inside the plug. Such a plug will give a good spark in the open air, but when put in place in the motor the spark will follow the break in the porcelain, owing to the high compression. In the absence of a spark plug tester a conclusion can be arrived at by testing two or three new plugs until satisfied whether or not the old one is at fault. If the porcelain is broken it can usually be replaced by taking the plug to pieces. When this is done care should be taken in putting it together again to put the packing in place as evenly as possible, and to avoid screwing down in it excessively hard.

Battery May Be Weak.

(b) The strength of the battery should be tested with an ammeter, if a dry battery is used, or by a voltmeter if a storage battery, and the maker's directions carefully followed. The storage battery should never fall below 1.8 volts per cell, at which point it is practically exhausted. If both the regular and

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spare batteries are nearly exhausted they should be coupled together to carry the car a short distance further. A trial will tell whether coupling in series or in multiple will give the best results; usually it is best to couple in series. If the battery is not too weak to work the vibrator on the coil, a spark may be obtained at the plug by pinching the sparking points a little closer together, or by turning the central stem around to shorten the gap.

Coil Not Working.

(c) The vibrator on the coil should be kept clean and the platinum or iridium contact points dressed occasionally with fine sandpaper or a very fine file. Frequently the best adjustment for a fresh battery will not suit the same battery when early spent, but it is better to find one adjustment for all cases, if possible, because then one can switch from one battery to the other, allowing the cells to recuperate. This applies only to dry batteries. A storage battery should be used continuously until spent before changing to another. A partially discharged storage battery will gradually discharge itself entirely, even if not used. The adjustment of the vibrators should be as nearly as possible uniform for all the coils, and the vibrators should have an even, rather high but not "tinny" sound when working. Most vibrators have two adjusting screws. One is the contact screw, and by the other the tension of the spring may be varied. Sometimes one of these will need to be altered and sometimes the other. The locking nuts or screws should be carefully tightened after the adjustment is made, as the contact screw in particular has a strong tendency to work loose.

Timer Not Working.

(d) The timer, unless of the enclosed and grease-packed type, should be kept clean and dry, both as regards water and oil. The rubbing surfaces may be lubricated very slightly with a drop of oil on the finger. If, however, the insulating disc is of vulcanized fiber, it should not be oiled at all, as the oil will soften it and will cause metal and fiber dust to stick to it. If the device comprises a cam and contact springs instead of a commutator and brushes, the screws with which the springs make contact should be kept clean and their points occasionally cleaned with fine sandpaper. It will be necessary now and then to test the adjustment of these screws by turning the crank slowly with the gasoline shut off and the switch on, and noting whether contact is made at the same position of the cranks for every cylinder. In doing this be sure that the contact screws and springs are clean, so that they will make good contact without pressure; also make sure that the spark is retarded.

(To be Continued)

Sprocket Wheel Sparks

There are some people who don't approve of endurance runs, and then again there are others who don't approve of anything. Anyone who gets up in the morning with the intention to disapprove everything finds no lack of material. But what gets me in the wonder box is that the people who protest against speeding automobiles should go hammer and tongs after this endurance proposition.

It isn't a question of speed; it's simply fanaticism and ignorance.

There's no need of telling the readers of this column that an automobile endurance run is not a speed contest. There are some people and at least one paper that seem to think the two blend and are one, but this only proves my assertion about ignorance and prejudice.

As the object of the endurance run is not to see how many cats, dogs and ranchers can be mutilated en route, but a friendly contest to show the superior or inferior qualities of the various cars entered, it is a good thing, and deserves the encouragement of the public. So long as mad speeding is eliminated from this feature of automobiling, the endurance run deserves to live long and prosper.

L. T. Shettler of the Pioneer Motor Co., 420 South Hill street, can testify that endurance runs have a good effect on trade, at least. Shettler's Reo won the cup in the Santa Barbara run, and the next day L. H. Corser bought the runabout. He didn't get the cup, though.

As a further result of that race, Mr. Shettler informs me that he has sold two Reos in Orange county, three in Ventura and three or four in Pasadena.

Among people who liked the looks of his car were George W. Burson, who bought a touring car, B. Enderlin, who took a runabout, and H. E. Lusk, who has bought a touring car.

With such a week's business behind him, Shettler felt constrained to go on a little tour of celebration, and taking his wife and a mechanic, cranked up for a spin around the kite. They left Los Angeles Friday evening, August 11 at 6:15 o'clock, and arrived in Riverside at 11:15, without making any particular effort to burn up their tires with high speed. Next morning they took in San Bernardino, Colton, Pomona and Pasadena, and returned to this city without suffering a single mishap.

Ralph Hamlin sold a Franklin this week to William Bayly, Jr. It was a runabout. Ralph did great stunts with his runabout in that endurance run and now Mr. Bayly, Jr., hopes to emulate him.

The Western Motor Car Co. also has felt that undercurrent of business since the Santa Barbara run. I find that in all the garages it is still the chief topic of conversation, and is an argument which has been used with great success in making sales.

E. J. Bennett hasn't been losing any business since opening up his South Broadway garage. Recently he has sold a Wayne runabout to J. M. Cockins of Hollywood, and a model C touring car to Herbert Wylie, manager of the Mexican Petroleum Co. in this city.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:

What will a woman not sacrifice on the altar of Dame Fashion? Who can tell what we may be invited later to endure, at her stern mandate. All the more then let us rejoice in the fact, that so far as we have already peeped into the orders for the coming fall season, everything is ripe with promise of a harvest of becoming things. Crazy novelties in hats and wraps, crinolines and hoopskirts, are not seriously to be considered this season; be neat, be chic, not to say jaunty in your apparel, my pretty child, but don't be "floppy" with picture hats, lace fichus and trained skirts. Nay, these now are relegated to poetesses of passion "et al"—the dreamy odd females, who really necessitate a fashion of drooping flowerlets, collarless necks, and sagging waist belts. You can't imagine a really truly literary female in a well built, tight fitting, tailor made gown, can you? The cleverer the dear geniuses are, the more they look as if their garments really belonged to one of their favorite heroines and had been pitch-forked onto them. So for the ordinary semi-brainy (or brainless) woman of fashion, let me explain the true inwardness of these remarks, as for instance exploited by Messrs. Robinson & Co. of the Boston Store. The fall opening of millinery in that fashionable establishment is of course not yet—but they have just received a most stunning selection of street hats, for the between season times, that are to be shown in one of their show windows this week end. Dinky little box hats, nearly all small and fitting close to the head—in the most becoming of turbans and crinkled up shapes, but all firm and solid, and non-pretentious; "good form" is indelibly written on every one of these "gaze" hats. One or two in "Alice blue," frog green and burnt onion velvets, are simply fetching on the hair, and after all nothing looks nattier or more stylish than a tidily kept head-dress. A wobbling picture hat is only a picture at the start. An hour or so in a stiff breeze and—well! don't you oftentimes shudder

Advance Silk Showing

We are now displaying correct fall styles in plaid silks, for which there will be an immense demand during the coming months. Every desirable weave and plaid is represented in this choice collection, to which we invite your attention.

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when you realize what a mad looking Meg Merrilies you have become? Some dots in black and white were especially effective, so was a deep royal purple combined with pale mauve. A brilliant "froggie green" velvet toque with paroquet's wings and tails, made one feel that to a certainty the pretty wearer would very soon "a wooing go". A charmingly cool looking hat for wearing with a garden or polo party toilet was of fine blind embroidery, the edge of the brim borrowing stability from an inch deep border of white chip straw.

Three thousand dresses for sale! Pretty little summer gowns at that in every shade and fashion and style at the Ville de Paris. True, you must not "range" further than 14 years or younger than 12 months, but even so you will allow the sale of young people's gowns covers considerable ground. No need to hurry home from the holiday week at the beach now, when for 49 cents, (or 68 or 75) you can purchase a whole costume for your little daughter. They are pretty too, these little garments in dainty gingham, lawns or percale. Mons. Fusenot & Cie. have surely purchased a whole factory, as it is difficult to imagine how they can possibly sell them out at such absurd prices.

Windows and tables and counters were loaded down in the Ville with these gowns while anxious mothers were buzzing around like bees over a honey pot. Who would worry over the home sewing machine, on a broiling day, if they knew where to find a gown, for less than the price of the goods?

My dear, I must tell you about something I saw at Coulter's that filled me with absolute delight. I suppose it is the Scotch in me that fills me with such an immense admiration for plaids and tartans. Anyway I do love them, and am just delighted to find that this season a plaid waist and plain skirt, is to be the "sine qua non" of the well gown'd woman. At Coulter's silk counter you will find a new consignment of the loveliest plaids and fine checks; dear little black and white checks for shirt waist suits, in splendid taffeta silk, for a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a yard. And the tartans for shirt waist in all the good old Highland clannish patterns. One a "Campbell" in that lovely green with its wee red stripe I simply must have. Coulter's "aren't doing a thing" with their silks this season! They have a beautiful new idea there in a silk and wool poplin that must make a lovely costume. You must make a trip to the city pretty soon, my child, if only to see the tempting things that are making their appearance already for the fall season.

And now do be serious for a moment while I impress upon your brain a very momentous piece of information, which I gained in solemn conclave at Taylor's men's establishment on Broadway. The subject of his discourse this week was collars—Collars with a capital C my dear. It seems men are wont not to take their collars sufficiently seriously. They will fuss over all the rest of their costume, I was told, and they will simply buy collars; they like them to fit and be comfortable, it is allowed, but that is not nearly enough. I was shown a sort of graded pedigree book by the earnest salesman and had it explained just when, where and how a collar was not a collar, etc. The correct collar is made by Taylor. You mustn't take any maker's collar, any more than you may wear hand-me-down clothes. A man must have a turn over for morning dress, and a high one with wings for full dress. Taylor insists

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JAMES WOODS, Manager

upon these crucial tests of perfection in men's dress, almost with tears in his eyes. So now we know where the perfectly dressed society man (as graphically depicted in a morning paper this week), goes to take his lessons and buy his collars and his clothes. By the way, dear, are you on to the latest dodge for keeping one's hat straight on one's head, without passing a long pin clear through one's brain? I will tell you about it next week as my own idea is still rather vague. I believe it is a sort of padded ring that sits aloft and supports the wobbly hat, with comfort and ease. Some one must have made a fortune over the invention. There are several small patents in my mind that if discovered ought to make the whole world happier. One would be a something that would hold a nursing bottle in an infant's mouth without tying it to its head. Can you invent something of the kind, "a help to the patient mother?"

Yours affectionately,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., August Sixteenth.

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Over The Teacups

The wedding of Miss Leslie Thayer Green to Howard E. Huntington was quietly celebrated last Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam T. Green, on Dwight way, Berkeley. The beautiful service of the Episcopal service was used. In attendance on the bride were Miss Ruth Green, maid of honor; Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Elizabeth Livermore and Miss Ruth Knowles, bridesmaids. They were all gowned in filmy white, carrying bouquets of tiger lilies, the touch of pink emphasizing the general color scheme of pink and white. The bride wore soft white satin, richly trimmed in old lace. Hugh F. Stewart of Los Angeles, the bridegroom's cousin, was best man. Among the Los Angeles people at the wedding were Mrs. Hugh Stewart, Mrs. Harry Bixby and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bixby. The W. E. Dunns and Ernest Bryants had expected to be present but business engagements at the last moment prevented both Mr. Dunn and Dr. Bryant, who have been Howard's guides, philosophers and friends in Los Angeles, from attending. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington sail from New York on the 26th inst. for a prolonged tour in Europe.

Redondo is furnishing several interesting pieces of gossip for society just now. Miss Schwarz has not yet announced her engagement but she is wearing a new and very beautiful ring, and it is generally believed that Nat Wilshire knows something about it. In fact, the rumor has actually reached me that a wedding is to take place in which both will be vitally interested on October 21. Miss Schwarz is sister of Mrs. Robert A. Rowan and a beautiful girl, brunette with a handsome figure and carriage. Certain scribes got into hot water nearly two years ago for hinting at Miss May Ridgway's engagement, and, for myself, I shall wait for a formal announcement, without even giving a hint of the very fortunate young man, for Miss Ridgway is not only a very attractive girl in appearance but also exceedingly attractive by her charm of presence, her many accomplishments and her bright wit.

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And, talking of engagements, I hear that Phil Wilson, one of our most eligible partis, from every point of view, has won the hand and heart of Miss Mollie Newell, whose beauty has been described many a time and oft by effusive society reporters. This is a very interesting match and Phil is to be congratulated. Many have wooed Miss Newell, but none seemed to make any impression, until Mr. Wilson's long courtship induced her friends to believe that at last she was willing no longer to remain a bachelor girl.

The Redondo baseball game which will be called at 2 o'clock tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon, promises to be one of the best of its peculiar kind which has occurred for many seasons at this "newly awakened" resort. There should be a close contest between the Redondo players and their Pasadena adversaries. The line-up of the former team includes Fowler Shankland, R. D. Osburn, Martin Chase, Lee Garnsey, Art Bumiller and Pepper with Dave Wolfskill. Karl Klokke and Dr. D. R. Hancock as reserves. The Pasadena team includes John B. Miller of Pasadena, John S. Cravens, Don McGilvray, Harry B. Kay, H. Page Warden, F. J. Belcher, Frank Crosby, "Jack" Quinn and E. Conde Jones. There will be several house parties for the game and ball to follow. Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy will have a number of her young friends from Los Angeles as her guests, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schweppe will also entertain a large party. Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Osburn will have as their guest Mr. Martin Chase of Riverside, widower pro tem in the absence of Mrs. Chase, who is visiting in the East. There will be a dip in the surf after the game and in the evening a banquet, the menu for which has been arranged by Nat F. Wilshire and Robt. D. Osburn. The evening will wind up with a ball.

Among the familiar faces to be seen at Redondo are Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Kellam, who have recently returned from abroad and who will be joined in a few days by Mrs. Kellam's two attractive sisters, Mrs. Clark, formerly Miss Lillian Reid, and Mrs. Truman. Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and the Misses Annis and Kate Van Nuys are also spending the remainder of the season at Redondo and Mrs. W. J. Kingsbury and Miss Nona Kingsbury are among the recent arrivals.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Garnsey of West Twenty-fourth street have as their guests Judge and Mrs. King and Mrs. Bartling of Salt Lake City. Mrs. Bartling several years ago spent several seasons at Redondo, where she was the life of the hotel guests.

Here's the inventory taken recently at a certain gymnasium of physical culture, where between the hours of twelve and one the gilded youth of the town practice daily to reduce their weight, grow taller, broader shouldered or in other words to perfect physiques. Warren Carhart, undergoing the course in order to shed twenty-five or thirty pounds of avoirdupois, broken rib; Karl Klokke, also willing to grow thinner, black eye; Walter Leeds, he of the "fine shoulders," dislocated wrist; Will Nevin, slightly sprained jaw; Bert Williams, dislocated toe. That is all up to date and the way it happened is that the instructor insists on a certain amount of

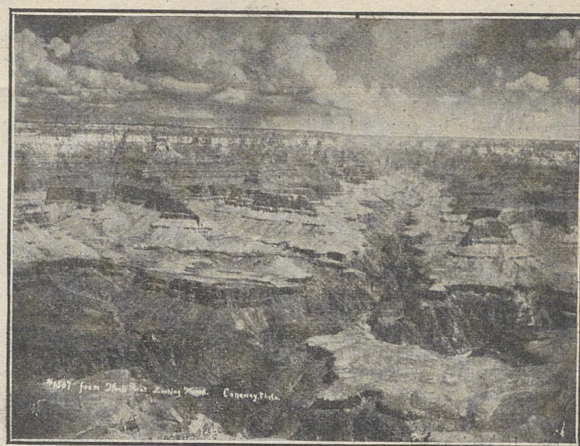
boxing. None of the "pupils" are boxers, although they occupy front seats at most pugilistic prayer-meetings and are experts on solar plexus. Walter Leeds and Warren Carhart were matched in a ten round bout under the guidance of the instructor, but the first round found them both clear out. Karl Klokke and Will Innes next took the center of the stage but the first rattle out of the box gave Mr. Klokke a black eye and he retired to the hands of the gentle masseur and the shower bath manipulator. Charles Seyler, who has lost seven pounds and a half since joining is the only one who has escaped bodily injury, but its always a safe speculation that the said Mr. Seyler will be on the safe side.

Isn't it startling sometimes to find the offices of some of the leading young professional men closed for an indefinite period and to discover that they have caught the infectious gold fever? No less than a dozen young lawyers have shelved their musty volumes of Blackstone and the civil codes, dismissed their clientele and made a dash for the happy hunting ground of Goldfield and Bullfrog. Among the fortunate ones is Fred McD. Spencer, formerly located in the Hellman block, who left here several months ago on a prospecting trip. He returned after a couple of months' absence fortified with valuable bits of ore, an assayer's certificate and a map on which was outlined a claim where he had made a "strike." Taking his bosom friend Edwin O. Edger-ton, also a young attorney, into his confidence, he unfolded his plans for the future and disclosed the location of the property, which was closely guarded by an old prospector. Ore assaying from three to five hundred a ton was shown in the croppings and an equally good showing made in the ledge. A company was formed and now Mr. Spencer is a busy man spending his time between his "claim" just outside of Goldfield, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The practice of law has no more fascination for him and he prefers the pristine beauty of the desert with its monotony to all the city life could offer him.

Miss Winifred Peters, who has just returned from a visit to San Francisco, was the guest of honor at a five hundred party given last week at the Hotel Hamilton, the hostesses being Mrs. Frederick G. Athearn and Mrs. Kate Rardon, of whom Miss Peters has been a guest.

ANASTASIA.

Los Angeles arrivals at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, during the past week were: Mrs. Secondo Guasti, Mr. J. D. Schuyler, Dr. R. L. Sevier, Mr. G. A. Pounder, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Braun and child, Mrs. Ellen Fishburn, Mr. A. H. Hoffman, Mrs. M. V. Fairbank, Mr. W. A. White, Mrs. G. Buchanan, Messrs. S. P. Jennison, F. Q. Story, T. H. Haskins, A. G. Park, Charles Forman, H. L. Asher, W. E. Vinnie, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Johnson, Mrs. A. H. Heber, Miss Heber, Miss G. E. Heber, Miss Elise Kerekhoff, Miss Kerekhoff, Mrs. J. R. Carter, Senator Frank P. Flint, Dr. O. M. Justice, Mr. Andrew Robertson, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Catlin and children, Dr. Elise M. Detriet, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Williams and child, Mr. P. A. Demens, Mr. J. H. McNeil and family, Mr. M. H. Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Kuhrt, Messrs. C. Thompson, U. B. Harmon, B. H. Dyas, F. Clavere, W. Matlin, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Stowell, Messrs. F. W. Worcester, L. A. Groff, R. G. Lunt, J. Z. Robinet, E. O. McNulty, Mrs. A. C. Rogers, Mr. Howard Huntington, Meyer Bros., Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gillett, Mr. L. H. Miller, Miss S. M. Clarke, Mr. E. H. Husher.



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C. Wilson, Mgr. **Oceanside, Cal.**

No. 42,815

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, Augusta S. De Angelis, plaintiff, vs. Fred De Angelis, defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the Complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Fred De Angelis, defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 4th day of November A. D. 1903.

SEAL
OF
SUPERIOR COURT

C. G. KEYES, Clerk.
By C. O. WINTERS,
Deputy Clerk.
W. P. L. Stafford, Attorney for plaintiff
316-317 Bullard Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Where Are They?

Miss Louise Nixon Hill has returned from Catalina Island.
Mr. Waldo F. Chase of 617 Witmer street is at Squirrel Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Forve are at 295 Ocean Front, Ocean Park.

Mrs. Durward S. De Van will soon leave for a visit to the East.

F. C. Baker of Montana is visiting his mother, Mrs. Maud Davis Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mesmer are spending August at Playa del Rey.

Miss Echo Allen is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Dickerson at Avalon.

The Misses Sarah T. and Elizabeth Pepper are visiting the Portland Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Trask and Miss Caroline Trask are at the Metropole, Avalon.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner L. Ross of 1006 Alvarado street have returned from Coronado.

Mrs. W. E. McVay and her four young daughters have returned from Princeton, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy, formerly Miss Della Hunsaker, are at the Hotel Southern.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Drew, formerly Miss Gloria Louthaine, are at 1337 West Seventh street.

The Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles, leaves for Rome on the 28th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Alexander of 1139 South Figueroa street have returned from the East.

Miss Alice J. Stevens of 1210 Jasmine street is entertaining Miss Carrie Carlile of Pueblo, Col.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Gunther of 857 South Burlington avenue have returned from the Yosemite.

Major E. F. C. Klokke is enjoying an outing at Redondo where he is among the enthusiastic anglers.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas McNab, Miss Anna McNab and Mr. John McNab are occupying a Catalina cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. William Calderwood of 1920 Oak street are entertaining Miss Blanche Brooks of New York.

Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant and children, of 1503 Magnolia avenue, left this week for the Santa Cruz mountains.

Mrs. H. N. Manington of 2203 West Twenty-third street is entertaining her sister, Mrs. N. B. Weelock of Iowa.

Mrs. Frank J. Thomas and Miss Florence Silent gave a bridge party at the Thomas cottage at Terminal Island last week.

Mrs. Thomas E. Gibbon of 2272 Harvard Boulevard is entertaining her parents, Judge and Mrs. U. M. Rose of Little Rock, Ark.

Mrs. George Martin, formerly Miss Helen Smith, who has been visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Smith, has returned to Omaha.

Miss Sarah Pierce, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sherer of 837 East Adams street, has left for her home in Columbia, Mo.

Charles Seyler, cashier of the Farmers & Merchants' National Bank, has gone to Lake Tahoe to spend several weeks at the summer home of I. W. Hellman.

Mr. and Mrs. Mercer, Mrs. Maud Davis Baker, Miss Frances Keeney, Miss Veroque Baker, F. C. Baker and S. V. Davis from a camping party at Mount Wilson.

Miss Gertrude Huber of 1932 Hobart Boulevard and the Misses Belle and Agnes Wallace of 1224 West Eighth street are visiting Portland, Seattle and Alaska.

Among the guests at the Potter during the past week were Mr. C. D. Von Neumayer, Berkeley; Mrs. J. McCoy Williams, Oxnard; Messrs. E. D. Phenix, E. A. McCarthy, and C. A. Gilfillan, Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Pridham, who have been at the Potter, Santa Barbara, for the last two months, expect to return to Los Angeles next week. Mr. Pridham has fully recovered from his recent illness.

Mrs. Elise Kerekhoff and Miss Elizabeth Kerekhoff of 825 Westlake avenue are in Portland. Mrs. Kerekhoff is also chaperoning the Misses Mollie Dillon, May Connelly, Ena Wolfskill, Mary Cummins and Clancy.

Recent Southern California arrivals at the Hotel El Carmels, Pacific Grove, include: C. E. French, wife and daughter, Los Angeles; Mrs. V. Crafts, Ocean Park; E. S. Moulton and wife, Riverside; F. S. C. Lowe, Pasadena.

Receptions, Etc.

August 14.—Mrs. Elmer Barber, 817 South Hill street; for Miss Blanche Brooks of New York.

August 14.—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Buck, 1831 Pennsylvania street; for Texas Society.

August 14.—Mrs. H. W. Fitch, 2812 Harvard Boulevard; whist party for Sunshine Society.

August 14.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Jacoby, 157 West Pico street; dinner for Miss Etta Jacoby and Mr. Morse Silver.

August 15.—Mr. and Mrs. Hugo H. Brandeis; dinner for Miss Etta Jacoby and Mr. Morse Silver.

August 15.—Miss Anna Vickers, 624 West Twenty-eighth street; dinner for bridal party.

August 16.—Mrs. Charles Reynolds, 1221 Westlake avenue; tea for Miss Blanche Brooks.

August 15.—Mrs. Herman S. Darling, 2000 South Union avenue; for Miss Isabel Works.

August 16.—Mrs. H. N. Manington, 2203 West Twenty-third street; luncheon at the California Club for Mrs. N. B. Weelock of Iowa.



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August 16.—Mrs. W. F. Bosbyshell, 1866 West Eleventh street; for Mrs. Charles S. Rhone of Douglas, Ariz.

Anastasia's Date Book

August 19.—Stanford Club; dinner and dance at Playa del Rey.

August 19.—Pennsylvania Society; picnic at Playa del Rey.

Recent Weddings

August 15.—Miss Louise Cornelia Brigden to Mr. Morgan Galbraith in the First Presbyterian Church, Pasadena.

August 16.—Miss Etta Jacoby to Mr. Morse Silver of New York.

August 16.—Miss Leslie Thayer Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam T. Green, to Mr. Howard Huntington, at Berkeley.

August 16.—Miss Anna Vickers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Vickers of 624 West Twenty-eighth street, to Mr. Clarence Harrison Crawford.

Approaching Weddings

August 23.—Miss Cecelia Healey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Healey of Pontiac, Mich., to Mr. Herman J. Rodman.

August 23.—Miss Agnes Hawley to Mr. Forrest Whittaker.
October 3.—Miss Marie Louise Eager to Mr. Charles B. Bergin in St. Vibiana's Cathedral.

Engagements.

Miss Bessie May Rowntree, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rowntree of Loma Drive to Mr. Willard Arnott.

Miss Jennie D. Woodruff, daughter of Mrs. M. A. Woodruff of 1707 Roosevelt avenue, to Mr. Alfred A. Dove.



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On the Stage and Off

"Camille," "The Butterflies," "The Winning Hand," Ezra Kendall, or an admirable medley of vaudeville—you pay's yer money and you takes yer choice. No one should complain with such varied fare. Even the most jaded appetite may be appeased, even if there is nothing sensational to whet it. That the maudlin flubdubbery of Dumas's attempt to apotheosize a demimondaine has still power to move—even to throbs and tears, let no one doubt. If so, he should have visited Morosco's Burbank last Sunday when twice did Blanche Hall die and twice did William Desmond collapse in remorse. Only a great actress can essay *La Dame aux Camelias* without subjecting herself to the scoffers; only an absolutely unconscious Armand can escape the seat of the scornful. If I were to venture the remark that Miss Hall is not a Sara Bernhardt or that Mr. Desmond is not a Coquelin, I might incur the lasting enmity of Morosco's gallery gods, and I wish to flee from all the wrath to come that is not coming to me. *Helas!* as Walter Newhall, Frank Hicks et al are exclaiming, "*De gustibus non disputandum.*" I am a little nervous about that first *s* in *gustibus*.

And "The Butterflies," for much the same reason, is little better. Henry Carleton's rather vapid comedy may be redeemable at the hands of the very best actors. But Mr. Galbraith, much as we admire his curly locks and that fetching streak of gray, is a long way after John Drew, while Miss Evesson—but comparisons are occasionally odoriferous. Dick Vivian does some really clever work in a most ungrateful part—except from an artistic point of view—and deserves commendation. Dear and respected Marie Howe is very strong in certain character parts, but neither her talents nor her voice lend themselves to portraying the grande dame. Little Miss Yantis has ginger enough to explode a Methodist camp-meeting but should take some trouble to tone down her uniformly superlative tenses and also should take some soothing syrup for her voice. She is such an energetic and sprightly little person that I dislike to offer her anything but the best intentioned advice.

Miss Evesson's prospective departure has been reported in several different kind of ways. The kindest way of putting it, is that no leading lady will be needed at the Belasco for several weeks after the projection of the "Huge Hilarity" (Oh John Blackwood) next week of "A Stranger in a Strange Land." Geo. Barnum is then to satisfy the demands of an insatiable and admiring public by giving us a chance to compare his Richelieu with Edwin Booth's and Henry Irving's. After that, Miss Juliet Crosby (Mrs. Fred Belasco), is to favor us with her latest Japanese play and others. So Messrs Belasco, Price and Blackwood have time to look around to fill Miss Evesson's rather difficult shoes. I hear that Mary Van Buren reached New York from England last week and may be induced to come west again in

Orpheum

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MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Week Commencing Monday, Aug. 21

Col. Gaston Bordevery, King of Firearms; James J. Morton, "A Fellow of Infinite Jest;" Edmund Day & Co., Presenting Their Latest Comedy Success, "The Sheriff;" The Queen's Fan, Presented by Oriska Worden and Adele Archer, assisted by Lucille Georgi; Les Parisiennes, Novelty Dancers; Smith & Campbell, Talking Comedians; Mme. Celina Bobe, Violin and Xylophone; Orpheum Motion Pictures; Last Week of the Equilibristic Sensation, Patty Bros., Mr. Alexander Patty Walks on His Head.

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EXTRA! **"A Doll's House"** EXTRA!

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Matinees every Sunday and Saturday, 10c and 25c. No Higher.
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TONIGHT AND TOMORROW NIGHT LAST TWO TIMES

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"The Butterflies"

Next Week: Commencing Monday Night, Aug. 21

The Huge Hilarity

**"A Stranger in a
Strange Land"**

Prices: Every night, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25, 35, and 50c.

stock, but I also hear that "Our Mary" is on the eve of accepting a more ambitious offer from Emperor Frohman. If it be possible, Amelia Gardner should be recaptured; the gap that she left at the Belasco does not seem to yield to any other influence.

In the meantime the debut in her home city of Miss Helen Eaton (Mrs. Ridenbaugh and daughter of ex-Mayor Eaton, who is something of a hero himself just now and very much in the limelight) is anticipated with great interest. Helen Eaton is a girl of strong personality and, I am told, of distinct dramatic ability. She was a pupil of the Dobinson School and for the last year has been studying hard in New York. Her many friends will bring the glad hand and the fragrant bouquet when she first steps to the Belasco footlights.

Another society girl who, however, has served three years hard apprenticeship on the stage, may be shortly seen here in the charming little person of May Corson, who has many friends in Los Angeles and Santa Monica. Miss Corson has played ingenue parts with great success in the East, with Kathryn Kidder and in other first class companies, and was to have filled an important engagement during the coming season, which, however, family reasons prevent. It is on the cards that she may accept an engagement with one of the local stock companies.

Jack London's story, "The Great Interrogation," dramatized by Lee Bascom, is scheduled for production at the Alcazar, San Francisco, next week, as a curtain raiser.

"The Great Interrogation" is a story of the wild, free life in the Klondike, which Jack London has personally experienced. It is something of a sociological discussion.

The scene is laid in a miner's cabin on the Yukon. David Payne, a white prospector, has for his companion in solitude an Indian girl, Winapie, who has saved his life in the forest and to whom he has promised legalized marriage. From Dawson comes an old chum, who tells him that a sweetheart of former days, who rejected him to marry a rich promoter, is resident there. The woman herself arrives. She is now a rich widow and appeals to him to return with her to civilization.

The problem for him to solve presents a dramatic situation.

White Whittlesey will play the miner, with Juliet Crosby (Mrs. Fred Belasco) as the Indian girl.

The London Mail, in a column article, deplors the fact that the actor's social standing has improved, giving as a reason for its complaint the fact that many well-to-do people now take up stage-life as a means of diversion, and that social standing more than ability is required by an actor seeking an engagement. The article concludes as follows: "It used to be a byword that the fool of the family went in for the church, but today, in up-to-date families, the stage often seems to be similarly blessed. It is, at all events, a fashionable way of augmenting a slender income. No words can be too strong to deter any one from adopting the stage as a means of actual livelihood. The chances are dead against him whatever his qualifications. The theatrical profession nowadays is a profession for amateurs."

Alfred Bunn, formerly manager of the Drury Lane Theater, London, used to tell this story: "A wealthy old gentleman, who had a great veneration for the works of the immortal bard, had erected in the center of his library a costly cabinet for what he believed one of the first copies of Shakespeare's works ever printed. Outside this cabinet were three brass plates, with following inscription: 'To authors: Thou shalt not steal;' 'To critics: Thou shalt not bear false witness;' 'To actors: Thou shalt do no murder.'"

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Mason—The next attraction will be "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," for week commencing September 4.

Morosco's Burbank—"The Little Christian" is the bill for next week, commencing Sunday afternoon. A special performance of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" will be given Wednesday afternoon under the "personal direction" of Harry Mestayer.

Belasco's—"A Stranger in a Strange Land" next Monday evening and for the rest of the week. The following week "Richelieu."

Orpheum—Next week Col. Gaston Bordeverry, the world famous sharpshooter and rifle expert; James J. Morton, who makes everybody laugh; Edmund Day in his latest and best production, "The Sheriff, An Arizona Episode;" "The Queen's Fan," the daintiest of vaudeville conceits, to be produced by three beautiful young women, Oriska Worden, Adele Archer and Lucille Georgi; "Les Parisiennes," two versatile entertainers. The Patty Brothers, Smith and Campbell, Mme. Celina Bohe and new motion pictures will complete one of the big shows of the year.

Grand—"Tracked Around the World" by the Ulrich Stock Company next week, and with a title like that there is almost no necessity for any elaborate description of what the piece will be like.

Stars et al.

Actors and actresses to the number of seventy have started out to build a town of their own at Auburndale, L. I., which at present has only forty buildings.

Mme. Eleanora Duse will come over about the holidays for a six weeks' engagement, which will be confined entirely to New York and Boston.

Nearly three hundred performances of the musical comedy, "Fantana," have been given in New York. No new lines or numbers have been introduced into the piece during its extended run.

Mrs. Brown Potter first appeared on the London stage about sixteen years ago, and has since acted in every part of the world. Her earnings on the stage averaged fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Ann Sutherland will have the leading part in George Ade's play, "The Bad Samaritan," which will open in Washington on September 3.

Cecelia Loftus is spending the month of August giving drawing room entertainments at Bar Harbor, Narragansett Pier and Newport. She is assisted by Beatrice Hereford and a young pianist whom she brought with her from London.

Florence Roberts will begin her season in "Ann La Mont," at Salt Lake City on October 2, rehearsals having been called for September 4. The cast of "Ann La Mont" will include Max Figman, Alexander von Mitzel, Robert McWade, H. S. Northrup, Clifford Leigh, Wilbur Hudson, Norah Lamison, Merceita Esmonde, Lucille Yorke, Florence Robinson, and Lillian Armsby.

In the Musical World

Our genial perennial friend, "An Indignant Subscriber," delivers himself protuberantly (if somewhat profanely) in this wise:

"What the h—ll do you call Stevenson's stuff 'The Musical World' for? I vow I see no music in it except the lilt of the Stevensonian soul."

Exactly. Herein is our mission—the lilt of the Stevensonian soul. Whistler somewhere says "The joy of the tripper is not in the mountain, but in the recognition of his friend on the top;" and, while we differ slightly from the great cynic's particular tripper in that we find some joy in the mountain itself, our supremest ecstasy springs from this altogether unlooked-for recognition by our swearful friend on the top, "An Indignant Citizen."

Let us look at the matter calmly and dispassionately for a moment or two. When the general reader turns to the musical column of a weekly journal he neither expects nor desires to find a mere epitome of the week's doings. The ups and downs of the various performers have been already itemised, catalogued, inventoried, dissected (call it what you will), and have also been more or less lavishly landed, or more or less mercilessly mangled, by the pensters of the daily press.

It is, doubtless, quite possible that these daily lucubrations could be improved upon, seeing that they are, with rare exceptions, the veriest taradiddle of trite twiddle-twaddle. They must be so, in the very nature of things; and I am not casting the slightest reflection upon the critics in enunciating this fact in such positive fashion. All the possible adjectival changes have been rung until they are fit only for the scrap heap—until, indeed, the stomach turns at the very sight of them. All practical phraseology has been turned and twisted and tormented until it has run to dry rot—until, indeed, a still sane world feels strongly tempted to spit upon it in sheer contempt.

"Miss Mary Mudge displayed the same marvelous technical control in her arpeggio work that we have before remarked upon." Did she? Well, who cares? I suppose Mary Mudge does, and perhaps her teacher, Mr. Little-Dodge, may have some interest in the matter. But, outside of these two, of what moment is it? In what possible way can it be of any importance to the musical world at large?

We are after different fish from these; and, hooking them, we either head them again for deeper waters, in order that they may, perchance, grow into better fish and bigger fish, or roast them and toast them and paste them and baste them gently and kindly (a little on this side and a little on that) as seemeth best to us, and in our own way.

And if "An Indignant Subscriber" does not approve of this method he can at least lard his lean fury with the fat of our sincere sympathy.

Mr. Dupuy writes me asking that I will do him the justice to correct an apparent misunderstanding. I willingly put Mr. Dupuy on record—but the misunderstanding was not mine.

Mr. Dupuy protests he "never said anything about 'as in Europe,' nor any such foolish nonsense." I

am glad of it, but these are Mr. Johnson's words: "Joseph Dupuy and Pietro Buzzi have made suggestions, independent, but exactly alike, for the coming year's work. In brief, they suggest a professional chorus director for the drilling, and an orchestral director for the public appearances, just as is customary in Europe."

Mr. Dupuy says he did not slur Mr. Hamilton. I am very sure he did not, and I am very sure he would not. Mr. Johnson credited the imported "leader of the Symphony Orchestra" idea to Mr. Buzzi, and Mr. Dupuy was not touched even by inference—certainly no more by me than by Mr. Johnson.

These two points cleared up, we may now turn briefly to a matter of far greater moment—a matter which shows how wheels are everlastingly working within wheels. Mr. Dupuy in his letter writes thus:

I simply stated that in my opinion oratorio could only be given by first class drill under a competent driller of choruses who would in time turn it over to a man competent to conduct orchestra.

I wish also to state that instead of trying to slur Mr. Hamilton, I went to him four months ago and had a conversation with him stating that it was my opinion there is no one in Los Angeles to conduct oratorio except himself, and asking him, should the position be offered him, would he take it.

Whether this beautiful flap-jack tossing is in accordance with American usage I know not. But I doubt it. In any event, I do not hesitate to brand it as error of the most serious kind—and this in several different mistaken ways.

First of all, who is going to be the convenient and agreeable "competent driller of choruses"—Mr. Barnhart, Mr. Jahn, Mr. Poulin, Mr. Lott—or Mr. Dupuy? One of these might be willing, but I fancy I see any of the others consent to go through the boiling and broiling and frying and baking and basting of the preparatory cooking only to turn over the banquet and all its glories to Mr. Hamilton or any director of like standing in oratorio work.

Besides, unless I greatly misread him, I do not think Mr. Hamilton would ever consent to play tag round the director's desk in any such irregular fashion—the more especially when he knows full well that we have experienced oratorio directors abundantly able to bring a performance through in the highest form compatible with the conditions and opportunities.

No, no. Let us not make any botch of this thing now. Let us neither choose the wrong man nor try experiments with any dual arrangement. Los Angeles has its first real chance to put its oratorio society upon the high plane befitting the development and dignity of the city. Everything is ripe to the hands of the pickers; but, a mistaken clutch, and the whole crop may be crushed into rotten pulp.

As I said last week, the man is here, and, in addition to those mentioned last week, Mr. Hamilton and

Mr. Dupuy themselves know him. We had, too, another capable man among us not so long ago—Mr. Schoenfeld—a splendidly capable man; and I, for one, would rejoice to see him brought back for this position. It would be impossible to do one whit the better, and it is palpably on the cards that we may do much worse.

What are all your newspaper folk doing to Mr. Sidney Lloyd Wrightson while I am here imbibing the milk of human kindness and drinking in the Miramarian ozone? It seems to me that you are growing very ungente in your ways down there in the south. Why not try to cultivate the sweet moderation and quiet suavity of our own column?

There is all too much snapping and snarling in life, anyway. If we cannot be altogether good we can, at least, be considerate.

I went on Sunday afternoon to hear an address on Christian Science—its fundamental ideas, its mission, its powers, its progress. The speaker was Mr. Edward A. Kimball, who has been making an extended stay here with his wife and daughter, and who stands, I believe, next to Mrs. Eddy in the hierarchy of the order—if the Christian Science Brotherhood would admit the existence of any such discriminating rank.

Mr. Kimball spoke well and strongly for about an hour and a half, and I bandy no intentional compliments when I say that it was infinitely shorter than the twenty or thirty minutes of the average orthodox practitioner.

You will say "It was new; and everybody is temporarily interested in novelty." True enough. But, while I admit this frankly, it was not so much the unaccustomed, I am sure, as it was the beauty and purity of the thought which underlies and characterises all the various ramifications of belief that pressed so strongly into my logical consciousness.

I am not going to impress this column into Christian Science service. But this much I feel impelled to say—that no people can well have been more systematically misrepresented or misunderstood in respect of disease and sickness than have the Eddy Scientists—if we may believe Mr. Kimball, as, of course, we must.

They no more deny the reality of bodily ailments than do the people of other faiths or of no faith. They simply deny the inevitability of sickness, even as they repel the doctrine of fear. They believe in the all-prevailing goodness of God, and utterly repudiate the monstrous belief of His visitation of evil. With these as the chief of their weapons they start on their crusade against moral sin and physical disability. Of their treatment of disease I know nothing as yet, of course. But I surmise that the real Scientists have had to bear much unmerited obloquy by reason of the false pretenses of the unscrupulous on the one hand, and the stupidity and craziness of the unwittingly ignorant on the other.

Mr. Kimball's daughter, Miss Edna, is a pianist of exceptional attainments—a most charming girl, and a pupil of Calvin Cady and Mrs. Allport of Chicago. We have had some famous times with sonata and symphony work in four-hand form, and I greatly regret that there can be no more of them through the departure of the family for the East this week.

Estelle Cathrine Heartt

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Some kind soul has sent me a copy of last Saturday's "Express," marking strongly therein a paragraph referring in deeply sympathetic terms to my "well-known modesty."

It is only too true. All through life it has been a terrible handicap. Ever since we remember, we have been sitting mum in the valleys when we should have been crowing lustily from the hill-tops.

Is there anything one can take for the complaint? Is there anything one can do? Or is it incurable?

Speak! You are not all so sore troubled. Some of you spare not elbow-grease in sounding the loud timbrel. How do you do it? And does it pay?

Speak, mine friends, speak!

Glory be! The Later Man has come, my summer girls have gone back on me, the blissful dream is o'er and the midsummer madness has been relegated to the Eternal Oblivion of Departed Nothingness.

Free once more! D'ye hear me, man? Free! Free to roam the moonlit beach fearing neither the bonny blonde locks nor the sylphic slimness! Free to breast the bounding billows without fear of the entanglement of bewilderingly pretty ankles with one's own rheumaticy and rapidly aging joints! Free to clamber o'er the beetling crags with never a touch of that pulsing hand-clasp which says so much and means so little!

Not that there is not a rich measure of delirious trimmings about these holiday approximations. But the mischief is that if one takes them too seriously, and resorts to strong drink in order to keep his courage to the sticking point, there may result something which sounds pretty much like it and is not so very different in actuality.

Besides, these affairs are most trying to the flesh—especially to the flesh that is weak and prone to error—and I had been exceedingly anxious to put on a score or so of pounds and get into fitter fighting trim for the choral hosts which are outflanking us on every blankety blank flank.

So, thanks be, it's all off! And soon I will be ready to return and calmly lift my hat in the old quiet way, shake hands perfunctorily, and say "How d'yer do, Mrs. Snooks?" in the dull monotone of yesteryear—just as if nothing had happened, don't you know; just as if our weathered oak heart had not been seared with a couple of white-hot irons and scarred indelibly for time nevermorial.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

Maritime Melodies

Swing high and swing low while the breezes they blow,
It's off for a sailor thy father would go;
And it's here in the harbor in sight of the sea
He hath left his wee babe with my song and with me;
Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow.

Swing high and swing low while the breezes they blow!
It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!
And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth me when
I sing my song over and over again;
"Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow!"

"Swing high and swing low," the sea singeth so,
And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow;
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea;
Nor reckoneth he ever of mine or of me!

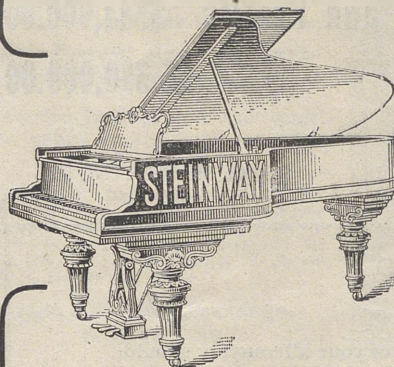
"Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow,

'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go."

—Eugene Field

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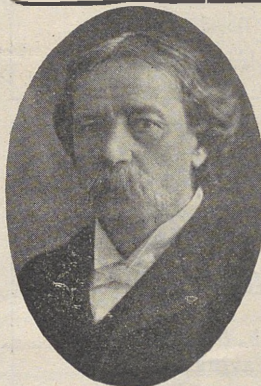
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Resources over Thirteen Million

A new securities company is being organized in San Diego. The plans contemplate a capitalization of \$300,000, fully paid up. Of this sum \$140,000 has already been subscribed in San Diego and \$100,000 in Los Angeles. Among the largest San Diego subscribers are: L. J. Wilde, president of the American National Bank; F. C. Gills and the Bartlett estate company, each of whom have taken \$25,000 of stock; H. G. Crowe, who has subscribed 13,000, and Colonel Fred Jewell, who has subscribed \$10,000. Among the well known Los Angeles men who are interested in the new company are: Hamburger brothers, H. W. Hellman, Senator Flint, William Mead, Postmaster Motley Flint and Dr. John R. Haynes.

Financial

The First National Bank of Corona has opened. It will have its own currency for circulation within forty days. The cashier is John P. Key and assistant, H. A. Wood.

The Bank of Bisbee (Ariz.) opened a branch at Lowell, Arizona, on August 10.

F. W. Nelson and E. A. Sawyer are looking over the field at St. Johns, Arizona, with a view of establishing a bank.

The First National Bank of Huntington Beach, Cal., has been authorized with capital of \$25,000. S. Townsend, president, H. S. Hazeltine, vice president.

The American National Bank of San Diego has been approved as reserve agent (Hanover National Bank of New York; Continental National Bank of Chicago).

The First National Bank of Hollywood will immediately erect a new business block at Prospect avenue and Highland, the bank occupying the lower floor. It is the intention to put in a complete system of burglar proof vaults and safe deposit boxes. The Hollywood Realty Co. will occupy the vacated rooms in the old bank building.

The application of the Farmers' and Merchants' National of Santa Ana has been favorably acted upon at Washington. The directors of the institution are J. A. Turner, Dr. J. R. Medlock, R. H. Sanborn, J. D. Parsons and C. F. Mansur. The capital will be \$50,000 and J. A. Turner will be cashier.

Stockholders of the American National Bank of Los Angeles have organized the American Savings Bank, with a capital of \$300,000 and a surplus of \$30,000. The new institution has begun business in quarters adjoining the American National. The officers and directors include: George Chaffey, president; W. F. Botsford, vice president; W. H. Avery; A. M. Chaffey and Dr. C. B. Jones. The cashier is J. W. Phelps.

At a recent of the directors of the First National Bank of Colton, Howard B. Smith, the cashier, tendered his resignation, to take effect October 1. He has been connected with the bank since its organization, nineteen years ago, being elected cashier in 1888. He will continue as a director, and is slated for vice-president. Mr. Smith resigns to devote more time to his private interests. He is a director of the San Bernardino National Bank, and in the San Bernardino County Savings Bank, and is a stockholder in the new Amalgamated Hot Springs Company.

Bonds

The water bond election, to authorize an issue of \$1,500,000 of Los Angeles city bonds, will be held early in September.

W. R. Staats Co. of Pasadena have bought the \$3,500 bond issue of the El Cajon school district, San Diego County.

Santa Monica citizens are agitating for a bond issue to erect three new school houses.

Redondo has voted an issue of \$25,000 bonds for a new high school building.

School bonds of the Palomares district, Los Angeles county, to the amount of \$1,200 will be sold by the county supervisors of Los Angeles County on August 28.

The Board of Trustees of Monrovia has called a bond election for October 10 to decide if the city shall issue \$26,000 for the purchase of a park site and for a city hall. Ordinance provides for two series, both bearing 5 per cent.

Santa Ana votes September 4 on an issue of \$2,500 school bonds.

The treasurer of San Diego County will receive bids until September 5 for the issue of San Diego High School bonds.

The Supervisors of Santa Barbara County will sell the Lompoe school district bonds (\$4500), on September 4.

The Anaheim City Trustees have decided to call a bond election, to authorize a bond issue of \$40,000. Of the amount \$22,000 is wanted for a lighting plant and \$18,250 for water works.

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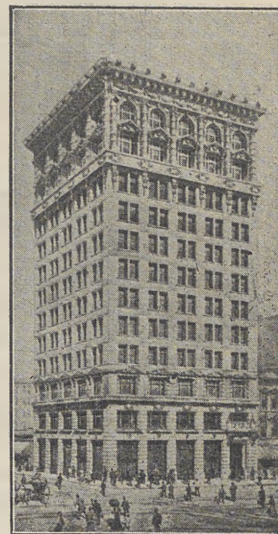
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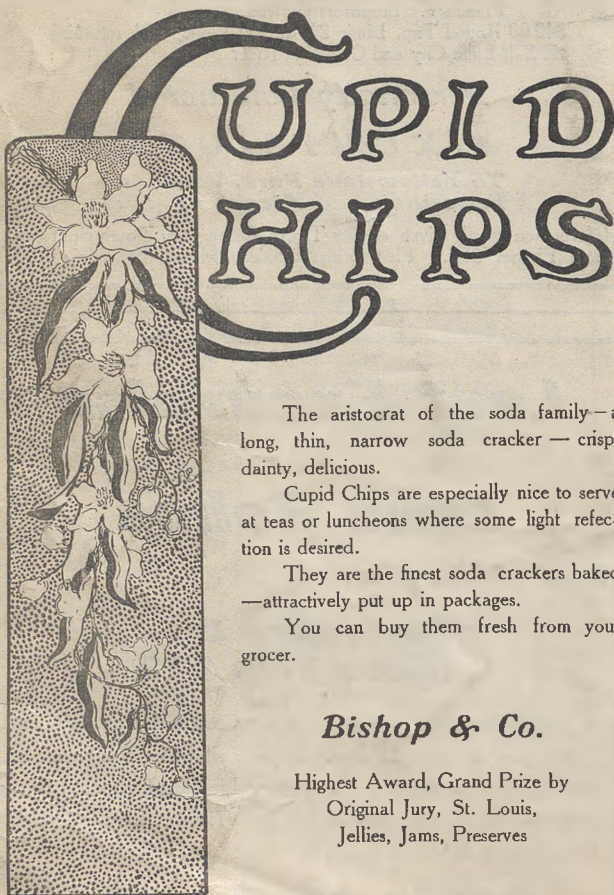


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